

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

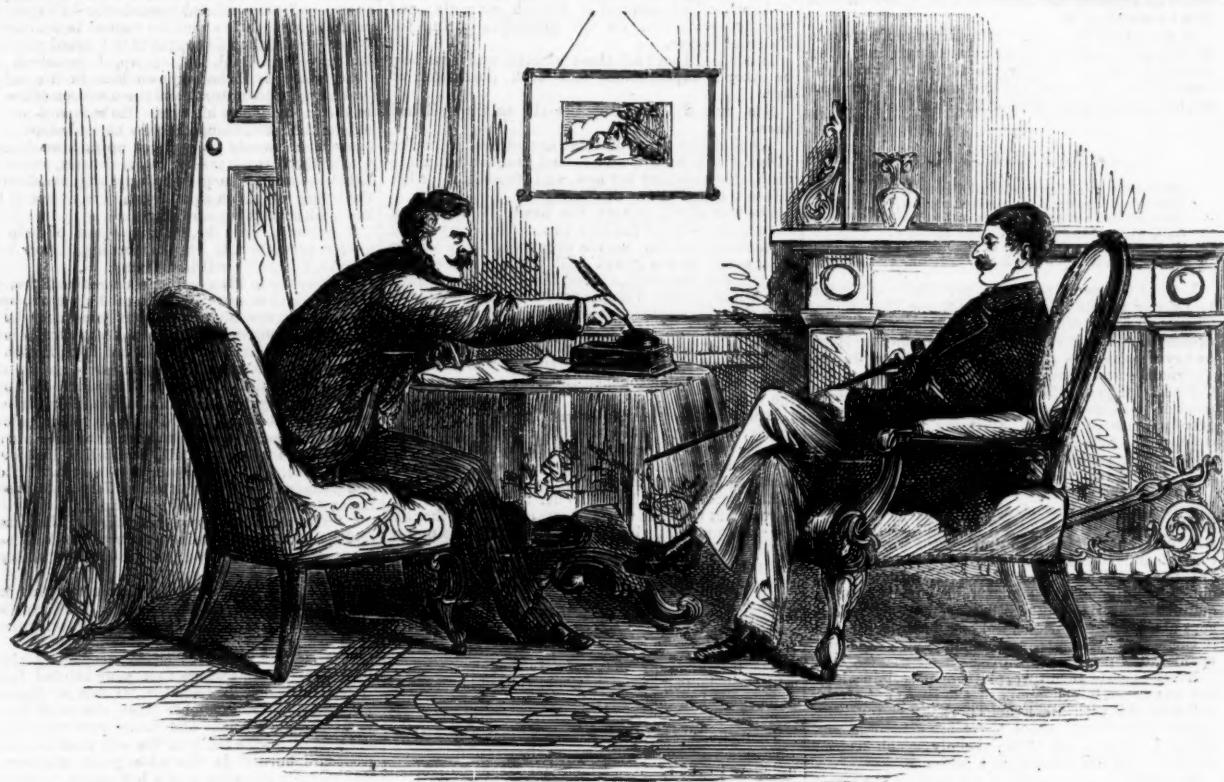
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[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[SIGNING THE AGREEMENT.]

THE MISER'S HEIR.

CHAPTER VI.

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His raven locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.

"THERE have been men," said Cranton, "who were mad through wickedness, or wicked through madness, who have gone about the world committing crimes, at the mention of which the angels are supposed to weep. These men have hidden their insanity under a cloak of conventional good manners; they have mixed in good society; they have had friends and admirers. All of a sudden the demon of madness has broken loose, and they have committed some meaningless and purposeless crime; they have ground their teeth, and grovelled like wild beast upon the ground; they have given vent to their long pent-up feelings; the world has seen them stripped of the false character which they have hitherto acted under, and they have stood condemned before gods and men as lunatics—raving lunatics.

"But you know, my good Henry, that I belong not to that category—that it is not because I am insane that I am wicked. Ah! how long we've known each other. How thoroughly you understand me—how completely I comprehend you. You have been very fortunate, but then you have chosen to work; you have grown rich, but you have had to toil. For my part, my life has been all pleasure, and you see the result—healthy brain, admirable nerve, miraculous digestion, magnificent appetite.

"One absolutely requires a physical frame like mine, if one expects to enjoy the good things of life. You are well enough as men go; but I am sure you

have bilious headaches sometimes. I never have Now what I want you to do is this, to consent to be guided by me, to admit that I have the brain at once the most steady and the most active; that my judgment is admirable; that I am the ruling spirit. I shall find you out, you know, if you only pretend to agree to this, and then set to work to get rid of me at the same time. I shall find you out, and I shall crush you at once and for ever.

"But why should I do what would injure us both? "No, no; let us do nothing of the kind. You hate me: well and good. But I can be of the greatest possible use to you. I don't hate you; no—I never hate or love anybody. If I did, I should not prosper as I have prospered, and mean to prosper. I never suffer human passion either of hatred or love, gratitude or vengeance, to interfere with my plans for one moment. But as I was saying: you hate me. Never mind, you can use me. I don't love you, why should I, eh? Still, I can use you, can I not?

"Give me three thousand a year—give me the run of such London society as you have the access to yourself, and then I will oblige you. I will manage to procure for you whatever you most desire. It is not money, for I am sure the clear income from your property must be a good forty thousand a year. No: but you are in love with the miser's niece—you want to bring her here to reign as queen over your paintings and plate and precious stones. You may do it if you like. I will help you to do it.

"But, remember, half the miser's fortune at least must find its way into my coffers, the other half keep for yourself, if you like, or bestow it upon the young heir, Roger. But I should have thought he was in the way altogether, and that you would have tried to make him ruin himself by gambling and drinking and debts so that the miser should disinherit him at once."

"I am not a fiend," said Mortlake, getting up and

pacing the room in an agony. "You are; but I am not."

The other laughed contemptuously.

"Enjoy your own opinion on that point," he said. "It is my own that if to be unscrupulous, pitiless, and conscienceless make up the character of a fiend, then I am one, and I am very glad of it. We need not compliment each other, good Henry. If I am a fiend I suppose you hardly expect to shine—at least in my eyes—in the character of a saint? But if you have any sentimental regard for the miser's heir as being the brother of your ladylove, let him have half the property by all means; but, remember, I claim the other half. All you desire is to marry the girl, is it not? Leave it to me, and you can marry her within three months."

Mortlake came to a pause before his companion, and stared him in the face.

"I know that you are a demon in the flesh," said he. "I know that your knowledge of other men, and even of their thoughts, is something superhuman. I know that whatever you will to do you accomplish in the most wonderful manner, and I believe—yes, I believe that you could bring about my marriage with Ethel by your diabolical arts, if you so desired it—Ethel, for whose sake I would die ten thousand deaths, and a single kiss from whose lips would, with me, outweigh in value all the gold on this earth—nay, it is but dross in my eyes,"—and Mortlake gnashed his teeth—"for it cannot buy one smile from her."

The other smiled triumphantly. Things were going as he would have them so.

Human passion—man's love for woman—was the agent which would supply him with all that he desired.

Mortlake would become his slave, and that right speedily.

"It is a bargain, then, said Cranton, drily.



No farther disputes or recrimination passed between the two men for many a long day after that agreement was signed—for signed it was, and duly digested.

Nor did the world dream that the murder at the "Royal Edward" hotel was in any way connected with the millionaire stockbroker, or his accomplished friend, Mr. Paul Crainton.

One thing was very remarkable, but that not to the world, only to Mortlake himself.

The reader, however, may look over his shoulder while he searches his valise for what Crainton told him he would miss.

It was one of his velvet bath slippers, of a purple colour, and worked with his name in full in golden letters inside the slipper, the fellow to which remained in the valise, but the abstracted one was doubtless in the possession of Mr. Paul Crainton.

CHAPTER VII.

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Ocleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE at Greywold was not a very lively affair for two young people like Ethel and Roger Thorncliffe. There was a gloom about the old manor, a weird and dreamy shadow as of mystery. No new furniture had ever come into it since the marriage of James Thorncliffe and Ethel Brand—the grandparents of the present young Thorncliffes—but much of it, most of it, indeed, dated far before even the great-grandparents of Ethel. Curtains, carpets, and couches had faded to one uniform and neutral tint. High-backed chairs worked in worsted, adorned the grim old drawing-room.

Portraits there were in plenty against the walls of Thorncliffe who had slept for centuries in the family vaults below Clochan Church. Thorncliffe who had fought and bled during the wars of the roses, female Thorncliffes who had been beautiful and had married peers of the realm, infant Thorncliffes, children of three and four year old—little quaint baby girls, in blue brocades, with white lace caps upon their tiny heads, holding a rose or a peach in their chubby hands, and accompanied by a pet spaniel, or pet lamb.

Every piece of furniture, plate, or porcelain which the manor contained spoke of the past, not of the present, and with all Ethel Thorncliffe's touching beauty and refined grace there mingled a something of this element of melancholy which seemed to possess the old manor like a presence.

Either she thought much of the past, or she dwelt much on the mysteries of the hidden future, for Ethel by nature was not a practical or everyday girl who dwelt in the present away from the manor, from Greywold and its associations, in the gay salons of London, she could be piquante, lively, gay, as becomes a fashionable young lady—but this, we repeat, was not the natural character of the miser's niece.

It was another red October sunset such as that on which our story opened when Ethel came forth into a long passage, lined on each side with family portraits.

In half an hour the dinner gong would sound. Ethel was dressed in a gray silk, a scarlet flower was in her dark hair.

The dress was fashionably and tastefully cut, but the material was an old brocade that had been her grandmother's.

Her step had all the majesty which could befit an empress, yet was there neither pride nor triumph in her gesture.

She came on and stood at a window which commanded a view of the landscape the gloomy pine woods which fringed the summit of Ombers Hills, one of the boundaries of Greywold Park, the red sun sinking behind them, the park itself, dotted with timber, the foliage gorgeous in the evening beams, the river running swollen and sluggish after the autumn rains—a solitary boat upon it; with a white flag turned to gold in the sunbeams, farms, and fields, and stacks on the other side, all touched now by the crimson glow as though with a wand of enchantment, and burning with an unreal beauty.

Ethel leaned her elbow on the sill of the old window-place, then she rested her chin on her hand, and, thus leaning and gazing over the landscape, she indulged in one of those dreams in which she delighted.

Presently she heard a groan close to her—a groan which sent a shudder through her slender and sensitive frame.

She looked round into the passage from which the sound seemed to proceed.

A ghostly corridor truly was that, with its family

portraits of two centuries back glancing down cynically from their tarnished frames—cavaliers in ruffs, ladies in hoops, and some of those quaint little girls in caps and brocade who had afterwards grown up and gone into the world and found their fate, whatever their fate had been.

Some had married well, seen their children's children, and died in an honoured old age.

Some had been crossed in love, and had given themselves to works of charity and piety.

One abjured the faith of her fathers and had ended her days in a convent in Spain.

Another had married a French marquis, and perished with him on the guillotine during the Reign of Terror.

Ethel had heard all these stories, and somehow or other a superstitions fear took possession of her.

She was a Thorncliffe herself as they all had been.

What if the ghost of some ancestress, lingering about the haunts which it had frequented in the flesh, was watching her now, and foretelling for her a fate tragical as any of theirs?

She was afraid to turn her head. She had not been quite well for the last two or three days, and in consequence her nerves were more finely strung than usual, so she gazed still out upon the landscape, upon the swollen river, the boat, the solitary sail, and as she gazed it appeared to her excited fancy that the whole landscape was dyed as with a guilty stain of blood.

It did not seem to be upon the fading light of evening that she looked, nor that it was the sunbeams alone which touched the trees and enchanted the water.

It was as though murder sat brooding over the woods, as though guilt dyed the fields and farmsteads; then, behind her, from the rapidly darkening passage, came that groan—and such a groan! it was as of one in the last agony!

Ethel pressed her hands to her temples and tried to recollect that she was a Thorncliffe, that though her great uncle had been a merchant and was now a miser, still that cavaliers' blood ran in their veins, and that she came of no coward or pastry stock. But though Roger's beautiful sister would have been dauntless against fire or sword, her nerves were too finely strung, her imagination too fervid and poetic, to render her proof against ghostly terrors.

And it was the supernatural only that she dreaded while she looked out upon the blood-red landscape, and listened to that terrible groaning which came from the grim and memory-haunted corridor.

Then she remembered with a sudden thrill that this long window through which she gazed was right opposite to the room in which her father had been murdered twenty-one years ago.

It was a ghastly recollection, and the terror of it vibrated all through her frame.

Surely—yes, it was so. Sounds came from that chamber, which was never opened but once a month, when it was to be cleaned. Could old nurse's tale be true, and could the spirit of a murdered one be permitted to return and wail about the precincts where it had been driven forth by force into the great unknown unanointed, unannealed? It was a wild superstition, but it possessed Ethel Thorncliffe.

She turned round half-frantically; then she saw the door of the chamber open, and a figure walked towards her; but the red light fell full upon the head and dispelled her more ghostly terrors in an instant.

She saw before her old Miss Spinette, grim indeed in her rusty black silk and her white cap as any faded female portrait against the wall, but still only Miss Spinette, human and tangible and real.

"Oh, Spinette," cried Ethel, "you have terrified me almost out of my wits. You really must not excite yourself so, good Spinette. What benefit can result from it? Here I have been leaning out of the window, looking at the sunset and trying to fill my mind with pleasant thoughts, when I hear the most terrible moanings and groanings. How can you make such unearthly noises, Spinette, unless you are ill or in pain?—perhaps you are ill," added Ethel, with a quick, compassionate tenderness; "what is the matter, Spinette?"

"I am not ill, sweet Miss Ethel," said Spinette.

She stretched forth her feeble hands and placed them on Ethel's shoulders, and gently moved her young mistress back towards the window. Ethel submitted, looking all the while curiously at Spinette.

The two women—one gaunt, grim, and ancient, the other in the very glory and pride of her youthful womanhood—stood in the fading light of the dying day, each reading the countenance of the other.

"I have been into that room," said Spinette, "because I have dreams about it, sweet Miss Ethel—terrible dreams," and she shuddered. "I am haunted by the pale, sad face of your sainted father.

Some of my dreams are so curious that a poet might write a poem out of one of them, or a painter might paint a picture. Once I thought that I was sitting in my own little parlour, where the glass door opens upon the fruit garden; it was a hot July morning, with bright, blue sky and white, bright clouds, and I could see the green boughs waving and the red currant bushes and the fruit hanging in thick clusters; I was thinking of going out to gather a quantity of them to make currant-tarts—you know how fond your uncle is of red-currant-tarts—and I was not thinking at all of what happened in yonder room twenty-one years ago"—she pointed towards the half-open door as she spoke, while a shudder seemed to convulse her frame—"and then I thought that I heard a step on the gravel path, and, looking up, I perceived your dear father, as I had known him in life, only he looked paler than usual, and there was something sad in the expression of his eyes. He beckoned me to go out to him, and, though I knew he had slept in his grave these twenty years, I got up and went out to him without any fear—for in our dreams, sweet Miss Ethel, we are not surprised at anything, the dead and the living mingle on equal terms. I went out to him, then, without being afraid.

"'Spinette,' said he, 'I have come to help you gather currants this bright morning. Poor Uncle Martin, I hope he will like them.'

"He spoke in his usual tone, dear Miss Ethel, just so gently and so sweetly as he used always to speak. There never was any pride about your dear father, although he ought to have been the rightful owner of the manor. And so, Miss Ethel dear, I went out with him. I took a large pewter basin and a stone jar, I was to fill the basin, and he was to fill the jar with these bright red currants which had ripened in the hot July beams, and we began to gather quickly; but gather as I would, it seemed to me that my pewter basin would not fill, half-full I had it, but that was all. At last it seemed to me that I should lose patience. I peeped into Mr. James's stone jar, that was half-full, and only half full.

"'We may keep on gathering all day, Mr. James,' said I, at length, 'and it seems that we shall never fill our measures; and yet there are plenty of currants, and we work hard.'

"'Spinette,' said he, 'there is something more difficult for you to do than to fill these jars with this red fruit. But if you have patience, you will do it in time.'

"'Ah!' said I, and began to weep, as I always do in those dreams where I see your sainted father. 'I remember now, I remember, Mr. James. I remember that night in October when the wind howled about the old manor—and there were wine-bottles and a lamp on the table in the oak chamber, and a great fire burned in the wide great—and you sat thoughtfully smoking upon a low couch. And he! I see him now, the villain, leaning back, balancing himself upon a rocking chair, smoking a cigar, a tall glass of mulled port by his side on the table, his feet on the hob, as though he loved warmth and luxury. Ah, the villain, the villain! I see him now, young, pale, fair, and a little freckled, with a keen, bright gray eye, and an aquiline nose, sharp and thin at the nostril, and below this long, thin nose, thin lips, which always seemed to smile, fringed by a mustache of pale yellow. I see his hair, thick and bushy, and red as blood. I see his form, slight and graceful—yes, graceful—though I hate him. I see it all, dear Master James. But what of that?'

"'There is more than that,' answered Master James in my dream. 'You know what followed, Spinette.'

"And then, dear Miss Ethel, he raised his right hand and looked up into the Heaven as though he were praying. Presently he looked straight at me again with his gentle eyes.

"It is not right," he said, and now his voice sounded loud and almost terrible, 'that Robert Pole should go on still in his wickedness. Years have passed, long years, and he has prospered; but in this house!—he pointed towards the manor, and in the very room where his deadly crime was committed—'man's justice, the instrument of Heaven's wrath will seize upon him and deliver him over to the punishment which he merits.'

"But, Spinette, you will have to collect evidence to piece the details of the ghastly story together, and to confront the murderer with the proof of his crime. It will be very difficult. The measure will be filled half—only half—for a very long time."

He pointed to the jar where the red fruit lay, and he smiled a smile at once sweet and terrible.

"'You will work hard to fill up the measure,'" he said, "which is to bring Robert Pole within the pale of the law, and it will seem to you at first that proof is not wanting. Before long he will come to Greywold as a visitor. The lapse of years will not have changed his face for you, and the tones of his voice will sound terribly familiar in your ears; but that will be all—for a long time that will be all.'

"You will know that his feet and his voice are about the house which he has stained with the blood of his friend, and you will have no power to drive him forth—the measure will not fill up. But if you have patience the time will come."

"I cannot tell you how or when this ruffian will betray him. If, this Robert Pole, and, Spinette, you will be his accuser."

"Your father's voice, dear Miss Ethel, grew very loud when he spoke these last words. I could have thought it had thundered, and I woke with a start, trembling and horrified, and feeling convinced that the task had been appointed me of bringing Robert Pole to justice."

"Dear Spinette," said Ethel, soothingly. "There is a great deal in your dream as a dream; it has its element of awe, its thrill of terror, its touch of pathos, and its spirit of prophecy, and mingled in with all is that spice of the ludicrous and the comical—place which nearly always forms the leaven of the most remarkable dreams of us poor human kind, the currants for my uncle's tarts, the jay, and the basin which would not fill."

"Yes, Spinette, it is capital as a dream; but, believe me, it is only a dream. Do you not see how very dangerous it would be to believe in it implicitly. The other night there was a gentleman here, a friend of my brother, a kind friend of whom Roger thinks well, and you accused him at once of being Robert Pole, although, instead of an aquiline nose, he had a very small one, with scarcely any bridge, and although his voice, you said yourself, was not the voice of Pole the murderer, while his hair was black instead of red, so you were obliged to admit that you were mistaken, and that Mr. Mortlake was a stranger to you."

"You had to apologise, if you remember, Spinette, and we had to apologise for you, Roger and I, and Miss Melville. It made us all feel ashamed and uncomfortable, and poor Mr. Mortlake himself, although he was very good-natured over it, was, I am sure, excessively annoyed. You must try and get over this weakness, Spinette. It is because you are out of health and want change of air."

"Colonel Brand has invited me to go to the seaside with his wife and daughters next week, and I think I shall go. You shall come with me if you like, Miss Melville intends journeying to London to stay with some friends for a month, and she talks of postponing her visit until my return, because we couldn't leave Uncle Martin quite alone. Roger is so uncertain, and so, Spinette, you shall come with me."

"You want a younger and prettier maid than I am, sweet Miss Ethel, to attend you," said Spinette. "I cannot stir from Greywold. I have my task set me here, for there is not a night, or rather a sunset, when I do not enter yonder room and pray, kneeling on the spot where I found him weltering in his blood, that I may yet bring Robert Pole to justice. I cannot leave Greywold, Miss Ethel. I will stay here and look after Mr. Martin Thorncliffe while you go down to the sea and enjoy yourself, and I hope you will return with the roses brightened on your cheeks, and looking plumper and better than you do now."

At this moment the dinner gong sounded, and Ethel, her arm thrust through that of old-Spinette, walked along the ghostly corridor, which was now wrapped in complete darkness, to the head of the old wide oak staircase, and descended it, still linked arm-in-arm with the grim old housekeeper.

In the hall they heard a light step and a loud whistle, and under the dim lamplight stood handsome Roger in his black velvet shooting suit, which became him admirably, and set off to perfection the splendid proportions of his manly figure. He never dressed in an evening suit at Greywold, unless by any chance there happened to be lady visitors.

"Well, Spinette," said he, "have you been seeing any ghosts, or dreaming any dreams?"

She answered by one of her most melancholy groans, and the young man broke into a laugh which rang through the old stone walls, and made the tarnished frames of the pictures vibrate.

"Spinette, they ought to have you among the Methodists," he said, "they really ought. Come along, Ethel, I am starved; and we have a capital brace of pheasants that I shot yesterday in Ombur's Wood. Uncle Martin has taken lately to selling the game. By Jove! he gets worse every day."

Splendidly handsome as was Roger Thorncliffe, and imbued too with plenty of family pride, there was a want of refinement about him—a sort of sporting cut which jarred upon the nerves of the fastidious.

Ethel, however, was passionately devoted to her brother. His loud laugh and lively conversation seemed to bring something of life and warmth into the cold, gray Manor.

She knew nothing of his bills, his duns, or his extravagance; she had the greatest faith in his truth, his honour, and his sincere affection for herself.

Brother and sister went, arm-in-arm, into the long, low dining-room where old Martin and Miss Melville awaited them, and all through the meal Roger laughed and talked cheerfully.

Old Martin was silent, abstracted, thoughtful: it seemed as though something was on his mind. The miser gentleman still wore the shabby suit in which we first introduced him to the reader; that coat which had been black, but now was green; that black velvet skull cap, and the few white hairs straggling about the forehead.

When the dessert was on the table, and Roger was in the midst of a long story connected with his London experiences, Squire Martin called out:

"And who pays for all this—the theatre-going and these suppers? What I allow you can't do. You must be in debt, and I dare say you have promised to pay the money after I am dead. How do you know that you will ever get it?—how do you know that you will get a farthing of what I may have to leave behind me? How do you know that I have anything to leave behind me? I may have speculated and lost every farthing. Old men do wretchedly stupid things sometimes. I may be an idiot, eh?" The old man struck the table with his fist, and his eyes flashed angrily. "Who says I haven't speculated and come down to rascals and the dogs? None of you can tell—not one of you!" A malicious and triumphant light gleamed in the eyes of this extraordinary old man. His three listeners stared at him in amazement.

"My brother was an idiot," continued old Martin. "He spent and spent until he was obliged to sell his wife's jewels to save himself from law suits. That's how it is that Mademoiselle Ethel yoarer, his granddaughter, has nothing better than a set of old garnets to wear when she goes to her London parties; but I suppose she expects some day to be able to walk into one of those great jewel marts in London and treat herself to precious stones enough to set the river in a blaze. You both think I've been toiling all my life, undergoing privation and hardships, in order that you may walk in silk attire, and roll along the streets in carriages lined with crimson satin, and drawn by prancing horses, while your purses are stuffed full with gold; but you are desperately mistaken—outrously tricked!"

The old man's eyes gleamed still more wickedly. He got up and carried his claret glass, well-filled, to the high-carved mantelpiece; he placed it thereon, then he stood with his back to the fire, crossed his hands behind him, and turned his excited face towards his nephew, his great-niece, and Miss Melville.

"I have got something to tell you that will astonish you all," cried Miser Martin, "and just answer me one question before I begin. Have I not a right to make a dolt of myself or not? If I have chosen to cast all my fortune to the winds, to cut up my bank-notes into shreds, and to sink my gold chests in the sea, have either of you, whom I have fed and clothed all your lives long, got a right to say a word?"

"He must be going raving mad," whispered Roger, in a loud aside.

"No, he is not going mad either," called out Martin, who had caught the words; "and you will say that when you know what he has done. Listen all of you."

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE SUN.

There are not many persons living who, with the reverend Director of the Observatory of the Roman College, can lay claim to have minutely examined the face of the sun every day for the past ten years. Father Secchi, moreover, as an astronomer, is the peer of Lockyer, Huggins, or Young, and as such his conclusions are worthy of the highest respect.

The new edition of his work on the sun, which has lately been published in Paris, embodies the results of his most recent investigations, as well as of those which have extended over long periods of time, and hence it may be regarded as one of the latest dicta of Science regarding the physical constitution of our luminary.

Father Secchi's theory of the sun spots is that they are phenomena of eruption. They result from the upheavals which take place in the solar mass, and form, in the photosphere or luminous envelope, cavities more or less regular, surrounded by brilliant projecting ridges. The depth of these cavities rarely exceeds 3,600 miles—generally it is less—and the hollows themselves are filled with dark vapours which absorb and cut off the luminous rays emitted by the strata beneath. The physical constitution of the solar mass, and the true nature of the

incessant motion of which it is the seat, have been little understood.

Now, however, we are in possession of a spectroscopic method of distinguishing the different currents which cross and mingle, of discerning the jets of hydrogen and of incandescent metallic vapours, and observing the rose-coloured protuberances which formerly could not be studied, except during a total eclipse, when the bright light of the radiant disk was intercepted.

Father Secchi has determined the closest relations between the spots and the protuberances seen on the solar edge.

If the results of a series of observations of solar rotations be considered, it appears that the spots, the most brilliant faculae, and the eruptive protuberances (those which contain metallic vapours) appear as a rule in similar regions on the solar disk, that is to say, in the two zones near the equator and comprised between the 10th and 30th parallels of latitude, and that the majority of these phenomena occur at the same epoch. When a number of individual observations of spots and protuberances are thus compared, this conclusion is often at fault; but this is to be expected, because the protuberances can be seen only on the edge, while the spots and faculae are visible on the face, of the sun. On the other hand, the parallelism of the three orders of phenomena becomes manifest when the results are considered in the aggregate. Moreover, whenever a considerable protuberance rises on the oriental side, it is almost certain that a spot will appear next day in the same place.

TO DYE MOSSES, GRASSES, FLOWERS, &c.

To DYE MOSS.—Green: Boil one-half pound of alum in four quarts of water, and dissolve one-half pound of finely triturated mineral blue in it, and a dark green dye is the result. Or a very beautiful green dye may be made with indigo—carmine and picric acid, adding water to reduce it to the desired hue. As picric acid is rarely to be had of uniform strength, the exact proportions cannot be given. The same dye may be used for grasses.

Black: Two ounces of logwood in one quart of water, one-half ounce of alum, and three ounces of copperas, the whole boiled together, and the moss dipped into it while hot. Or two parts of logwood and one of fleabane, thoroughly boiled together, and a little green vitriol.

Red: The best way to make this colour is to boil as much red aniline in rain water as will produce a pretty red. The dye should not be hot when the moss is dipped.

To BLEACH AND DYE EVERLASTING FLOWERS. Bleaching: Put a number of flowers, which have previously been placed in a warm chamber to cause them to open, in a vessel containing a solution of chloride of lime, one-half ounce of soda, and two quarts of water. Cover the vessel, and leave it as it is in a moderate temperature for four or five days. During this period the flowers first change to an orange color, and afterwards to a bluish white. As soon as these changes show themselves, take the flowers out and pour off the fluid, and fill it up again, using this time only one ounce of chloride of lime and no soda. Let the flowers remain in this until quite white, subsequently drying them in a warm oven.

Dyeing.—Carmine: One-fourth loth (about 2 drachms) of Munich lac, one-fourth pint (about 1-2 drachm) ultramarine blue, dissolved in twelve loths (about 6 ounces) of warm water. Rose: One-fourth quint of extract of safflower, dissolved in a quart of cold water. Dark blue: One loth indigo extract in a quart of water. Cornflower blue: One-half loth blue aniline, two loths spirits of wine, in a quart of water. Violet: One-half loth violet aniline, with the same proportions of water and spirits. Light blue: One-half loth Prussian blue, dissolved in a quart of water. Dark blue: One loth of catechu, boiled in a quart of water. Light green: One-fourth loth picric acid, and one-fourth quint of indigo in twenty loth of alcohol. Black, as given above. Orange: Three loths of borax in two quarts of hot water, leaving the flowers to steep for some time.

The dyes for grasses, &c., are made in the same way.

A NEW DYE.—Ch. Lauth has succeeded in producing another new class of dyes by the introduction of sulphur into aromatic diamines, and then oxidizing the new sulphur compound. On heating phenyl-diamine (made from nitro-acetic anilide) with sulphur, to 150deg. or 180deg. C. (300deg. or 356deg. F.), sulphuretted hydrogen gas is evolved, and a new base containing sulphur is formed. This base is converted by oxidizing agents into a beautiful violet dye. The same substance can be obtained in a more simple manner by dissolving the muriate of phenyl-diamine in a large quantity of sulphuretted

hydrogen water, and slowly adding sesquichloride of iron. The precipitate formed is washed with a weak salt solution and recrystallized from hot water. In the dry state this dye consists of very fine curved and intricate needles of dark green lustre. It is soluble in pure water, but foreign substances change its solubility; with caustic soda it yields a brown precipitate, probably the free base.

CEMENT FOR WOOD VESSELS REQUIRED TO BE WATER-TIGHT.—A mixture of lime clay and oxide of iron separately calcined and reduced to powder, intimately mixed, kept in a close vessel, and mixed with water when used.

HOW TO BE A LADY.

ASSUMING that the proposition, "fine feathers make fine birds" is true, there is yet something else requisite for the perfect beauty of even the gentlest creature.

The quintessence of ladyhood is politeness, and politeness is a natural characteristic, not an acquired accomplishment.

The assumption of the grace we meet with every day, but the film of frauds rests upon it. It needs only to be tried to be proven.

"We know metals by their tinkling," said a wise man, "and people by their talking;" and a lady is known by her possession of this trust of all signs of ladyhood—genuine politeness.

Want of it is quickly seen, for, like the self-delusion of the ostrich exhibits when it hides its head in the sand thinking that if it hides its own sight all others are blinded, women who pretend its possession merely advertise their lack of it.

Politeness comes of training in part, of inheritance mainly. In some respects it can be cultivated, but its culture must be through the heart as well as the head, and none but a genuinely good person is entirely and under all circumstances polite. Analyze it and goodness will be found to be its underlying cause; it owes its presence to it and is a part of it.

Amiability, which is akin to it in outward appearance, and is seemingly part of it, is mistaken for it only by those who do not know it intimately. The amiable person is not necessarily the polite person, nor are the motives that govern these human traits at all alike. Its possession is a blessed portion; a gift that cannot be taken away; one sure treasure that will temper the bitterness of life to its possessor and make glad existence to others.

Women are credited with possessing more politeness than men; they are more suave; more fond of saying pretty things, but they are not in reality the most polite. For politeness is not a matter of sex; it is a quality that belongs to man as to woman, and is as frequently possessed by one as the other.

It is easy to be a lady, if one has a kind heart; upon this training and discipline can both be exerted, but none other than a truly kind woman can be a true lady.

The gem is lacking where this trait is not, and the selfishness of politeness, which is the essential trait of the bogus kind, is always more apparent than its possessors are ready to believe.

The beauty of politeness is seen in those who have been disciplined by life's sorrows, and have taken to its teaching humbly. And the only and right way to live is this one of self-discipline, of self-abnegation, self-respect. To be humble, yet proud—meek, yet full of dignity—is to be an individual who can in the end be measured with those who are truly polite.

The greatest of them all said: "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven," and that He considered politeness, inborn and inbred, one of the essential attendants upon such a nature is shown in the testimony He Himself offered, for He represented the very essence of high good-breeding, and was so simply beautiful in manner that little children gathered about Him wherever He appeared among them, and were not afraid. H.

OUR INDIAN VISITORS.

SOME little time back it was mentioned that a native Indian lady residing at Madras had paid a visit to this country, and on her return to India wrote a book about England for her fellow country-women, which was highly complimentary to us. This lady and her husband, Mr. Ragaviah Chetti, a Madras merchant, have now come back to England and intend remaining here for three years.

Per contra two other Oriental visitors will be leaving us in a few days after a stay of nearly eight months. One of them, Sirdar Mahomed Afzul Khan, is a brother-in-law of the reigning Amoor of Afghan-

istan; the other, Sirdar Anoop Singh, is a Sikh of high descent, who fought for us most bravely during the mutiny, was wounded six times, and had four horses killed under him, possesses the medal and clasp for the relief of Lucknow, and similar distinctions for the campaign in China.

The travellers came to England with the Prince of Wales, so to both the Queen has given a portrait of herself in a handsome gold frame with the inscription "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix." The Princess Beatrice has made a similar present.

To Afzul Khan a sword of honour has been presented by Captain Armstrong, editor of the "Globe," whose life the Sirdar saved from the sword of a Sepoy during 1857.

The two visitors are both strict Mahometans, and Afzul Khan means to make a pilgrimage to Mecca on his way back to India, so as to enable him to wear the green turban of the Hadjoe, a pilgrim.

Both have been greatly pleased with England and the English. They have been much impressed with the stately splendour of Windsor Castle and with the invariable courtesy of strangers.

They are anxious to see a body-guard of picked native troopers stationed in London, constituting an integral portion of the Household Brigade, and relieved every two or three years by fresh men from India. The formation of such a guard of honour would be exceedingly popular with the native arms in India.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I'll teach you to be happy, love,
If you the lesson learn,
If you the moral ponder well,
And not the precept spurn.

The lesson is a short one, love,
And easily 'tis set,
'Tis summed up in two little words—
"Remember" and "Forget."

Remember all that's good, my love,
Remember all that's true.
Remember all that's wise, my love,
And all that's loving, too.

Forget the vile, forget the false,
The foolish and the bad.
Forget all else but that who'�s cheers,
And serve to make you glad.

Forget the hollow faith of friends,
The broken vows of love,
Which seem so sweet in youth's first dream,
And then so bitter prove.

But chief of all I teach you, love,
A further precept yet:
Remember that I love you, love,
And never that forget.

J. H. H.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

FOLLY THEATRE.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and her company have produced the long promised burlesque "Robinson Crusoe," by Mr. H. B. Farnie. We are told that the piece has been highly successful at Manchester, but we doubt if its popularity in London will rival its applause in Cottonopolis. The taste with which it is put upon the stage is unexceptionable. The scenery by Messrs. Grieve is charming; the costumes by M. Marie of Paris are splendid; the music selected by Mr. Connally is lively and taking; the acting is first-rate, and the dialogue crammed with those verbal dislocations that are accepted as fun by modern audiences. Yet it does not quite hit the mark, like "Blue Beard," by the same company, and in this point, in matters theatrical, "a miss is as good, or as bad, as a mile." Daniel Defoe's masterpiece lends little but a title and a couple of names, Crusoe and Friday, to Mr. Farnie's extravaganza.

Lydia Thompson's white goatskin dress, with the addition of an exquisite pair of white kid gloves (?) is a sight to see; while her acting, singing, and dancing, were imitable. Miss Chapman as Angelice, displayed unexpected proficiency as a character dancer, and Miss Cameron was bright and welcome as Polly Hopkins. Miss Emily Duncan was capitally dressed as a swell savage chief, bear-

ing the well-advertised name of O-pop-O-nax. Mr. Edouin has a drunken scene in which he makes poor Friday commit the wildest extravagances. Yet the audience once or twice signified that the fun of the piece was carried too far, and disapprobation was expressed. So far as Mr. Henderson is concerned and the actors, everything that can be done to deserve "a run" has been done for "Robinson Crusoe."

SURREY THEATRE.

ANOTHER exciting drama has succeeded "Queen's Evidence" at this theatre. It is the joint production of George Conquest and Paul Merritt, and seems likely, judging from the lively demonstrations of approval with which it was greeted on Saturday evening, to be likely to prove a worthy successor to the piece which it now precedes in order of performance, after seventy nights of uninterrupted popularity. The "Seven Sins" are thus embodied: Peacock Sleuth (Pride), Jasper Clinch (Avarice), Ben Boozy (Intemperance), Lance Lounge (Idleness), Nero Morath (Cruelty), Tom Tempest (Rage), and Nan Hemlock (Envy). The heroine of the piece, Faith (Miss Annie Bentley) is, of course, the foil of these "sins." An enumeration of the actors to whom the "Seven Sins" are entrusted in the order above written must suffice: Mr. W. D. Graham, Mr. J. Vollaire, Mr. Harry Taylor, Mr. George Reeves, Mr. J. A. Arnold, Mr. H. C. Sidney, and Miss A. Brough, will show that the management spared no pains in the obtaining of artists qualified to support and carry out the conception of the authors. The interest of the situations was in many instances testified by the impulsive applause, the breathless attention which swayed or controlled the audience. We may say that this drama of passion is both effective and impressive, and that at its close an appreciative house called the prominent performers before the curtain, and cheered them as they deserved.

"Queen's Evidence" brought a very full evening's entertainment to a close.

THOSE persons who consider that the slate-writing professors are having a bad time of it should visit Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's seances at the Egyptian Hall, where for a shilling they can see all Dr. Slade's genuine tricks outdone, with the addition of a dozen wonders, "never dreamt of in the philosophy" of such clumsy impostors.

The Olympic has brought out Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins' powerful drama "No Thoroughfare." It is excellently acted, and most satisfactorily put on the stage.

Mr. Sullivan will be the Conn in Mr. Chatterton's reproduction of the "Shaughraun" at the Adelphi, against which Mr. Boucicault has applied to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the performance.

A series of performances at the theatre of the Westminster Aquarium, is announced for Wednesdays and Saturdays up to Christmas. "Cyril's Success" was played on Saturday and Wednesday.

At the Haymarket "Dan'l Drue" and the "Balance of Comfort" hold their place on the bills.

"Peril" is the play at the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

For the convenience of "country cousins," morning performances on Saturdays are to be given at the Adelphi. W. G. Willis's drama of "Jane Shore," with Miss Heath, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Manders, and Miss Lee, in the parts they have so ably sustained.

Mr. Coghlan's play "The Brothers," may be now safely declared a "hit." Mr. Hare's experiment is a gain to art, from the completeness with which every actor is suited, in the fitness of every detail in scene, dress, and stage arrangement.

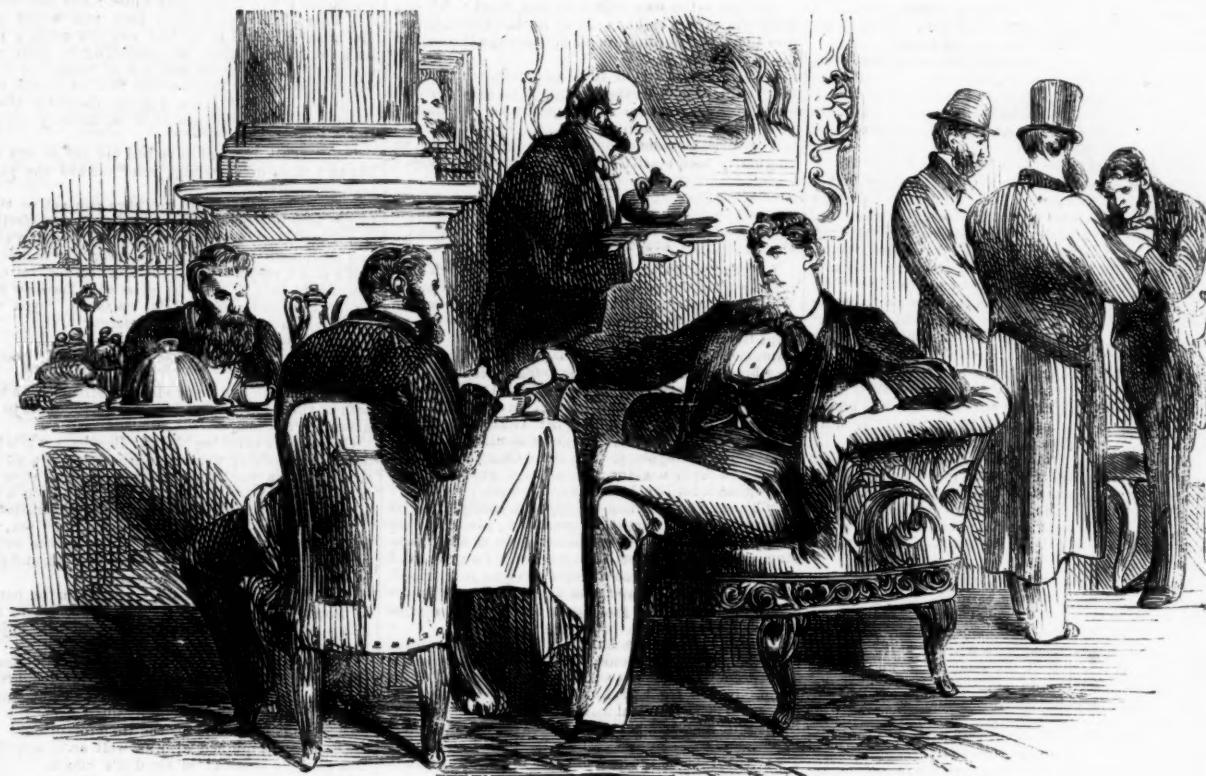
The "Three Millions of Money" ("Les Trente Millions de Gladiator") has been produced at the Royal. It is better in its original French costume than in its English disguise.

The Carl Rosa Opera season is drawing to its close. We sincerely hope this laudable attempt has been a pecuniary success to all parties concerned.

Miss Rose Coghlan goes to the Adelphi.

The great and appropriately named French comedian, Bouffé, is like Mille. Dejazet, an evergreen. The old gentleman celebrated last week his "golden wedding," fifty years with one wife, when thirty children, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces, attended the ceremony at the church, and afterwards repaired to papa and grandpapa's house to enjoy the domestic festivities he had prepared for them.

At the Grecian there is a full bill of fare. "The Blind Sister," "Sole Survivor," and "Luke the Labourer."



[FELLOW TRAVELLERS.]

CLYTIE CRANBOURNE;

—OR—

BUILT UPON SAND.

By the Author of "*The Earl's Crime*," "*A Fight for a Peerage*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

SEEKING A SIGN.

THE Great Northern Station, 8:35 p.m. Five minutes more and the train will start, and late arrivals as usual dash wildly up to the booking-office, demand a ticket, glance nervously at the clock, commit their luggage, if they have any, to the tender mercies of a porter, and jump into almost the nearest carriage at hand.

Of this number was Victor Burlington, Baron Clive.

He had been driving about with but little rest all day. He had seen Edward Cranbourne and learnt nothing satisfactory from him, and now he was on his way to Denborough Castle, to make inquiries upon the spot for the missing girl.

Girls, I say, but Lord Clive had quite forgotten there was more than one absent.

Psyche Clubfoot had utterly passed out of his thoughts and memory.

It was Clytie who was lost, Clytie whom he was going to seek, and all other ideas seemed merged and lost in this one: that the woman he loved, though he had never confessed the passion, was gone, mysteriously made away with, and he could not divest himself from the belief that his aunt, Caroline Burlington, or Edward Cranbourne, deny it as much as the latter would, must have instigated or planned the foul plot.

At Peterborough the train stopped for ten minutes, and the cramped passengers jumped out to stretch their limbs or get some refreshment.

As Lord Clive stepped on the platform, almost the first person he ran against was James Clubfoot.

Both men, from a natural and instinctive aversion, looked at each other with surprise and distrust.

"You here?" exclaimed the young nobleman, who was the first to speak.

"Yes; I was not aware that you were going northward," returned Clubfoot.

"Oh, I am going to Denborough," said his lordship.

"So am I," was the curt observation.

"You?" in a tone of surprise.

"I. You appear to forget that my sister may have as much claim upon me as your cousin can have upon you," retorted James Clubfoot, with something like a sneer.

"Ah, I had forgotten your sister was with her, but we are losing time, we may as well go together, I am in the next carriage to you; will you take a glass before we start again?"

"No, thank you," was the reply, and he went without, though his throat was dry and parching, just because he would not have even a glass of ale at his enemy's expense, for that Clive was his rival and consequently his enemy, he had not the shadow of a doubt.

The train started again, and the two men bound on the same quest were now in the same carriage.

James Clubfoot had overcome his repugnance to Clive's company, for a moment's consideration told him that his own reception at Denborough Castle, and wherever he went in search of his sister and Clytie, would be very different in company with the young nobleman, on account of his relationship to the Denboroughs' than if he went alone.

Besides this he would be able to watch Clive, to satisfy himself that he was not playing a double part, as he more than once suspected, and not pretending to find his cousin, when he had himself secreted her.

Of course had James Clubfoot possessed one grain of common sense, he would have known the utter absurdity of entertaining such a suspicion.

For Clytie was her own mistress. She had shown a decided partiality for her cousin, and as she was in every way his equal, and failing the return of her brother, would in point of rank be his superior, there was really no motive for such a ridiculous thing as an abduction.

To run away with two girls also, was certainly one too many, and therefore Clubfoot must have been slightly insane to think Clive had had any hand in the matter.

More than once during that long journey, the desire, so strong as to be almost irresistible, came over James Clubfoot to spring on his rival as he lay calmly sleeping on the opposite seat, stun him with

a succession of rapid blows and throw his body out of the swiftly rushing train.

Such things had been done before, and might be again, he thought.

True the young peer had far the advantage in both size and strength, but then the surprise of a sudden attack in his sleep would quite outbalance this superiority.

There was one drawback to the success of this murderous scheme, however.

They were not the only persons in the carriage.

A small man, wrapped in a number of rugs and furs, for the weather was cold and the night air keen and raw, sat, curled up in a corner, sleeping heavily enough no doubt, but the noise of a scuffle would wake him, and then, where was the chance of safety and escape?

How James Clubfoot hated his handsome rival, as he sat there and glared on him, no words of mine can tell.

The long, graceful, manly limbs, the depth of shoulder, the breadth of chest, the white, delicate hands, the clearly cut, straight features, like those of a Greek god, and the yellow hair, that fell like so much soft-spun silk from his broad, massive brow, formed such a picture, as made James Clubfoot, himself sadly deficient in these natural attractions, grind his teeth, and actually groan with suppressed hate and rage.

Well was it for Lord Clive that the little man in the corner once or twice moved restlessly as though he were half awake; but for that his life had not been worth half an hour's purchase.

Thus the dull hours of night sped on; one man asleep, another watching him and wishing to make that sleep lasting and eternal.

As the grey hues of morning stole into the carriage and dimmed the glare of the lamp, Clubfoot, feeling sick and ill with baffled hate and rage, tried to sleep.

But the effort was useless, sleep had deserted him. His eyes ached and he closed them; but he could not shut out consciousness, or lose himself for one instant in that blissful oblivion which is: "Great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast."

The consequence was, that when they reached Newcastle Lord Clive woke up, unconscious of the danger that had threatened him, and refreshed by his deep sleep, while James Clubfoot looked sleepy and blear-eyed, as though a whole river of water would have failed to freshen him.

"I am hungry," observed the young peer, stretching himself with a sleepy yawn. "Let us have a tub and breakfast before we go further; they'll be asleep at Denborough for the next four or five hours to come, and I am fit for nothing as I am."

To which Clubfoot assented, despising his companion as he did so.

Left alone, he would scarcely have eaten or drunk; certainly not have stayed to bathe or sleep, and this sybarite must do both, before he could think of pursuing his journey.

Was James Clubfoot right?

Devotion to one idea is a very fine thing, but a clogged skin, an unshaved face, unkempt hair, and blear eyes, may be a very decided proof of affection, proving how all absorbing the passion has been, yet it will scarcely find favour in the eyes of the fair one, who has looked upon complexion, eyes, and hair of a better kept and fresher order and condition.

A fact which should teach us that the most absorbing grief ought not to make us indifferent to the considerations and duties that we owe to ourselves.

Meanwhile, Lord Clive had indulged in his "tub," as he termed it, and came down to breakfast looking, to use his own expression, "as fresh as paint." At any rate, however, fresh he might be was he not as disagreeable to the nostrils as paint, except it were to the olfactory nerves of Mr. Clubfoot.

As for the latter gentleman, he did not look much better for his ablutions if he had indulged in any, on the contrary, he was rather more seedy in appearance than ever, and Clive regretted—mentally of course—that he did not know him well enough to give him a hint as to his personal adornment before he started for the castle.

Under the circumstances, however, he could not do so, therefore, whatever estimate was formed of him, must, to a certain extent, be in consequence.

Singularly enough, the small man, who had travelled in the same carriage with them from Peterborough, breakfasted at the same table, and neither of them being anxious to talk to each other, of course this stranger came in for a good share of their conversation.

"I don't know much about this part of the world," he was saying, "though I have travelled a great deal in my time; do either of you know the neighbourhood?"

"I was never here before," returned Clubfoot, curtly.

"I know it pretty well," said Lord Clive "what do you want most particularly to find out?"

"I want to know where Denborough Castle is. I asked a porter at the station, and he tells me there is no train or conveyance to take me there, but a cab, and that it is nearly a dozen miles off, but that can't be true."

"I am afraid it is," replied Clive, "but it is odd that you should be going to Denborough Castle. I seem to pick up people going there all along the road at Peterborough, I met Mr. Clubfoot, now I come across you, so if we are all going to the same place we may as well go together, and one carriage will take us."

"You are going to Denborough Castle?" asked the little gentleman, with a start of surprise.

"Yes, I am a connection of the family, there is my card," was Lord Clive's frank reply.

"Thank you, allow me to offer mine," and the little man produced a piece of pasteboard on which was engraved the name, "Sir Wilberforce Waterloo."

Clubfoot, among other omissions, had no card with him, but Lord Clive introduced the two men, and expressed the pleasure it would give him to offer the baronet a seat in the carriage he had ordered.

"You know the way, of course?" remarked the little man.

"Oh, yes, and the landlord here knows me," was the smiling reply, "he will give us the best horses in his stables, and we shall do it in little over an hour. But my uncle will scarcely be awake; we shall be early visitors, and he has been very ill lately."

"Yes, so I have heard, but he is better now, I believe," remarked Sir Wilberforce, and then the conversation drifted off into general topics, neither of them caring to discuss their own business, or inquire too closely into that of the other.

What torture all this delay was to James Clubfoot.

He could eat little or nothing, but he drank a good deal of brandy in his coffee, and seemed as though he could only keep himself up with stimulants.

Lord Clive noticed this, and devoutly wished, for the credit of all concerned, that James Clubfoot had been satisfied to remain at home, and trust the dis-

covery of his sister and Clytie to more practised bands, and cooler and more experienced heads.

But the artist was wilful as the wind. No one could contest his right to search for his sister, therefore there was nothing for it but to make the best of his unwelcome company.

He had been a friend to Clytie also, which gave him another claim on the young nobleman's consideration, so with his usual good nature he determined to tolerate, and be civil to him.

The carriage came round, and these three men, so singularly met, started off for Denborough Castle.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFF TO THE MINES.

I DON'T think Charlie Oranbourne slept much that night which was to be his last under the roof of Sir William Bentham before he started off to the mines.

It might have been the heat of the weather, perhaps it was, but he certainly did not sleep in his hammock in most restless manner, and the dawn was breaking before he at length fell asleep.

The consequence of this was, that he was late for breakfast, and came in the room to find Miss Bentham's seat vacant, and Sir William and Mr. Gordon already half through their meal.

A muttered apology, and then Charlie took his seat, and with glance of inquiry, expressed the hope that Miss Bentham was quite well.

"Thank you," replied the baronet, coldly, in what the young man thought a constrained, almost severe tone, "my daughter is not able to join us this morning, and I fear you will not see her before you start on your journey, but she wishes you and your friend, Mr. Gordon, every happiness and success, and unites with me in thanking you again for the great service you rendered her."

Poor Charlie! He hung his head, and muttered some inarticulate sounds, and Gordon, who saw the confused pain he was suffering, came as well as he could to the front to hide the lad's confusion, and began to make particular inquiries as to whether Don Carlos de Soto had been heard of since the attempted abduction.

Was this to be the end of Charlie's first dream of love?

It seemed so indeed, and the poor fellow could have had his head upon the breakfast-table and cried for what to him was very bitter grief.

He did not do so, however.

Something in Gordon's eye, and in Sir William's face, stung him as it were to some show of self-command, and he made at least a pretence of eating a moderate breakfast.

The bitterest sting of all was that Julia did not, or was not, allowed to bid him good-bye, but the fact at any rate took all regret at leaving from him, and he was now as anxious to be off as he would otherwise have been unwilling to go.

Gordon also seemed to share in this feeling, and the consequence was, half an hour after breakfast, the horses were at the door, adieu said, and the two English with their attendants were on their way westward.

"I'll go to the mines with you," observed Gordon carelessly as they went along, "then I shall know where to find you if I ever come into this part of the world again."

Charlie made no reply at the time, but an hour or two afterwards when one would have thought the subject had gone out of his head he said abruptly:

"Mr. Gordon, you have been so kind to me that it is but due I should at least be perfectly frank with you."

And thereupon he told his companion who he was, what his expectations were, and the motives and feelings which had sent him away from England.

Gordon listened in silence, then, when Charlie paused, having evidently finished, he asked curtly:

"Why didn't you tell me this before? Hard work won't hurt you, but you needn't have gone to the mines."

"First of all I should have been dependent upon you: next, I should never have seen Donna Julia again."

"Oh, I forgot, always a woman at the bottom of everything. I suppose you have told her all you have just told me."

"I!—do you think I want to bribe a woman to love me?"

The youth's indignation was so great and so genuine, that Gordon went off into a violent fit of laughter in which too he indulged for so long a time, that poor Charlie was angry and somewhat offended by the time his companion had recovered the power of speech.

"It's of no use being angry, and it is so ridiculous!" said Gordon at length.

"Perhaps the girl doesn't care a rap about your

position," he went on. "I don't care about women or believe in them as a rule, yet for the sake of argument I will admit that much; but her father, like a born democrat, loves a lord, and would give his head—his soul if he had one—to catch a peer for a son-in-law. Now, as, according to your own account you must be an earl one of these fine days, if you had told Sir William the fact he would have embraced you and given you his daughter almost without the asking, while, as it is, he very politely shows you the door."

"But you would not have had me act in any way but as I have done, would you?" asked the young man, seriously.

"My dear boy, I would not have you act or think in any way but that which suits your own feelings and principles," was the earnest reply. "I don't love you a bit more for having a peer for a grandfather, and I don't respect you a bit the less for acting as you have done," and he grasped Charlie's hand firmly, then as he released it, he asked, "you wish what you said told me to be a secret?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"You may consider it has not been told," was the next observation.

And then the two men rode on in silence for a time, both of them too busy with their own thoughts to give utterance to them.

Charlie was thinking of Julia Bentham, while Gordon was singularly wondering what kind of a girl the sister of this youth could be, who had, strangely enough for a sister, inspired in his mind such a mixture of profound reverence and loving admiration.

"She can't be like the rest of her sex," he muttered, and then he tried to dismiss the subject from his mind, though it would recur again and again in a thoroughly uncomfortable manner.

Travelling over the vast grassy plains or pampas of South America is pleasant enough, where time like youth seems all before us, and Charlie enjoyed the novelty of the scene greatly.

Love must be deep seated and hopeless indeed if riding through a new country, with novel sights and sounds, and cheerful companions, does not succeed in luring the votary of cupid, until even the fair object of his passion is for the time forgotten.

Charlie was piqued also as well as disappointed and gladly responded to Gordon's efforts to throw off his depression and enjoy the life and scenery around.

Besides our two friends, there was a Cornishman, sent out by Sir William Bentham as captain of the mine to relieve the man who now held the post and who was anxious to return at once to England.

As the man who was thus going home was under contract to remain some twelve months longer, it had been an unusual stretch of kindness on Sir William's part to send out a substitute, and the latter with Charlie Oranbourne was now on his way to the new scene of his duties.

Benjamin Tregarth was a fine, good natured looking man, of some seven or eight and thirty, who had begun life by working as a miner's boy, then had got on to work for himself, and finally became captain and part proprietor of a mine in Cornwall.

Something happened to the Great Betsy, however, for such was the mine in question called, the water ran in, or the veins or lodes of ore were worked out, I can't exactly tell you which, but the result in either case was the same, the mine was declared worthless and abandoned, a great deal of money was sunk in it, some of the shareholders were half ruined, and Benjamin Tregarth was wholly so.

He might have loafed about on the chance of getting an appointment or berth of some kind in another mine, but this did not suit the mind of this enterprising fellow.

He had heard that good miners were wanted in South America, where high wages were given, and he determined rather to begin afresh in the new world than to plod on, slipping backwards rather than forwards in the old.

Fortunately, for him, the engineer of the Great Betsy gave him some letters of introduction to bring out with him.

One was to Sir William Bentham, hence his appointment to Santa Possi, at the same time that Charlie Oranbourne was going to attend to a branch of the concern in which no knowledge of mining was required.

Starting on their journey they were strangers, but one soon gets to know a man with whom you are thrown into hourly, rather than daily contact, and both Charlie and Tregarth congratulated themselves upon having such an agreeable companion.

I am afraid that after the first week was over, Gordon began to regret having to leave his genial companions, but the time for doing so was at hand.

Two days more, and they would have reached Santa Possi, having spent nine days in a wilderness of grass and stunted vegetation, carried along by

relays of half-tamed horses, guided by gauchos, who are peculiar to this part of South America.

Occasionally they came upon ranches, where the gauchos and their families crowded together in a hut composed of but one room, and generally slept in the open air at night, wrapped up in their ponchos, a kind of Spanish cloak, with which they were always provided.

It was rather rough work, crossing these undulating shadeless plains, with beef and water as their principal fare, for with the exception of the few luxuries they had brought with them, this was all they could obtain.

"How mad I was to imagine Sir William would bring his daughter through such a desolate region," said Charlie, one day, to Gordon, when they were riding on in advance of the rest of the party.

"Yes, I don't think they'll come to see you in a hurry," was the scarcely consoling reply. "If I were you I should try to forget her and devote myself to study, I have taken care you are well provided with books. I shall send you some English papers when I get them, and if I should ever hear of the death of anyone that concerns you, I will manage to let you know."

"Thanks," replied the youth; "I ought to write a letter to my sister, she will wonder what has become of me, but I don't know where to send it, except to Uncle Edward's house, and he would be sure to get hold of and most likely open it, so as I don't want him to know that I am alive, or where I am, I don't know what to do, I wish you'd advise me."

"I scarcely know how to do so," replied Gordon, thoughtfully, "according to your statement if you write, she won't get the letter; have you no mutual friend you could send it to?"

"No, only Lord Clive, he is my cousin, but he was off yachting in the Mediterranean, and I don't suppose a letter would find him; I am not even sure as to the name of his club."

"Then I think the best thing you can do will be to write a letter to your sister, put nothing of importance in it, and give it to me before I leave you; if I return to England without seeing you again or have an opportunity of sending it by anyone who will deliver it personally, I will do so; if not, it must take its chance, though I'll venture to promise it shall not fall into the hands of your enemies."

"That will be the best plan. I don't know what I should do without you, Gordon; I should have been food for fishes but for you. I do wish you didn't hate women so, my sister, Clytie, would have just done for you, and then you would have been my brother, only I don't know what Clive would say to that arrangement," he added, with an embarrassed laugh.

"Why is your sister engaged to this Lord Clive?" asked Gordon, with more anxiety than he cared to admit.

"Engaged, no, but he always seems to be looking after her, and she doesn't dislike him; many a tip he has given me when I was younger, and many a scrape he has got me out of, not for my sake, but for hers. Not that he dislikes me, though, according to Uncle Edward's notions, he ought to, for we stand between him and my grandfather's title."

"Then, if you were dead, he would step into your shoes?" asked Gordon.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "Clytie comes next, women aren't cut out of our family; then comes Uncle Edward, and it he has no children—she hasn't at present—then Clive steps in, so you see he may as well be satisfied to go without it."

"Yes, I see; and your sister succeeds you to the title. That might be an extra inducement for him to marry her."

At which Charlie began to laugh heartily.

"It's clear you don't know Clytie," he said, with honest enthusiasm, "or you wouldn't think such an inducement was wanted; wait till you see her, that's all. A man want to be paid to marry her, indeed, she's good enough and beautiful enough to be an empress."

"Yes, and she is your sister, my dear boy, so as you may be prejudiced in her favour, and I have never seen her, it is scarcely fair to the young lady herself to make her the subject of such a discussion."

"Oh! she would not mind it, she's a jolly girl, with no nonsense about her. How I wish she was here to see that glorious sight," said Charlie, pointing to the distant Andes, one of the outlying spurs of which they were rapidly approaching.

"What a picture she would make of it," he added.

"Ah, then she is an artist?" asked his companion.

"Of course she is," was the reply. "Papa used to say she would one day make our name famous, but my uncle and the rest of the family have a horror of anything of the kind."

"Yes, that's the worst of having a pedigree," observed Gordon. "A man's far better without it."

From which observation it would seem that Gordon was without one, but there was the mistake; it was one of the weaknesses of this really clever man to abuse that which he most prized; which will perhaps account for some of his extreme opinions.

It was late the following evening before they halted at the foot of the mountain on which the silver mines of Santa Possi were situated. The next day they would reach the spot which for a time was to be Charlie's home, and then Gordon would take leave of him, and go upon his own singular course alone.

Charlie would have his work to look after, and Captain Tregarth's company to occasionally enliven him, but Gordon, with the exception of the attendants, would be alone, his mind filled to an alarming extent for such a woman hater with thoughts of Clytie Cranbourne.

CHAPTER XVII.

TREGARTH'S IDEA OF DUTY.

As the party bound for Santa Possi began to approach their destination the aspect of the country changed.

Horses had been exchanged for mules, the roads were steep, precipitous, and often dangerous, and Charlie Cranbourne and his companions looked up to the mountains, pile upon pile, of the great Cordillera with a feeling of awe, almost of fear, at the silence and desolation around them.

"It won't be a jolly birth," observed the youth, with as careless a manner as he could assume, "and it is so awfully cold, too," he added, with a shiver.

"Yes; what we have most to dread in living here is the climate," replied Gordon. "See those crosses along the path, they mark spots where miners or travellers have been found dead. The snow storms here are terrific, for we must be several hundreds of feet above the level of the sea."

"I can't say that I care for such an elevated position in life," laughed Charlie; "but others have to bear it, so I suppose I can, though I shall look to you for deliverance, old fellow, unless I find it unbearable and desert my post. You know I shall get no letters or papers to tell me how the world goes on without me."

"I am sorry now that you accepted the post," replied Gordon, uneasily. "Your engagement is for a year, too; I hope your lungs are sound, three months here would settle my account in this world. I am almost inclined to send a messenger back to Sir William telling him it won't do for you."

"And make Julia think me a willsop," returned Charlie, impatiently, "nothing of the kind, thank you; we didn't rob the shark of their prey to be frozen to death at the mines. I shall get through it all right and turn up in England to astonish me uncle one day. I don't feel as though failure were in me, and besides," he added, in a lower tone and with a certain reverence of manner that impressed his companion. "I know that my sister prays for me night and morning, and I feel as though invisible hands were holding me and shielding me when there is any danger. Did you ever feel like it, Gordon?"

"No," was the almost curt reply. He did not say that he was an atheist: something in the sublime yet terrible scenery around, and something in the lad's face and manner, checked the words upon his tongue, but he talked no more for the next half hour; the subject was distasteful to him.

It was the evening of the twelfth day after leaving Sir William Bentham's house before they reached the spot which for a time was to be Charlie's home.

A few huts, built hastily and perched irregularly on a kind of shelving platform near the opening of the mine, was the place to which the heir to the Denborough peerage was exiled.

One of these, a trifle more dilapidated than the rest, was pointed out as being at the service of our hero, and Gordon and he at once set themselves to work to make it as comfortable as possible.

"I shan't go on my way for a day or two," remarked Gordon carelessly, "so I may as well show you how to rough it for a time."

"It seems as though I have shall to do it, whether I am shown the way or not," replied Charlie, ruefully. "Upon my word, I thought the heat of the sun was bad enough the day after we were wrecked, but this intense cold is even worse."

"Oh, we can remedy that with a little care," was the cheerful response.

And, certainly by the end of the next day, the interior of the hut would never have been recognised as the same desolate hole they found it.

Instead of sleeping on the ground, as most of the poor fellows did, Charlie and Gordon swung up a couple of hammocks—sailor-fashion—which could be put out of the way during the day. Then, with some old boxes and odd pieces of wood, some of which

they had brought with them, and the rest had pieced up or bought for a trifle, they constructed the rudest possible table and couple of chairs, and these with two portmanteaus which contained Charlie's books, wardrobe, and few worldly possessions, for all of which he was indebted to Gordon, made up the interior of the hut; if a few cooking utensils he omitted.

True, the fire had to be lighted on a piece of stone, and the smoke was allowed to escape as it liked, but this was only a trifling inconvenience in comparison to other discomforts that had to be submitted to.

Charlie also talked of building himself a chimney, but that must necessarily be a work of time.

"I am sorry you are going away from me," said the lad, the last evening of Gordon's stay with him. "I haven't felt leaving England since I know you, but when you are gone I don't know what will become of me."

"Yes, I am sorry to leave you," replied the other thoughtfully; "but I can't live long if I remain here; my principal reason in coming to South America was to be in a hot climate, and it is a question of life or death with me."

Then you don't remain another day?"

From that time there were no further regrets at parting.

"Good-bye, my boy, take care of yourself, and be sure I shall come back or send to you if I can," were George Gordon's parting words as he and Charlie shook hands.

And then the party mounted on mules, went their way, for Gordon intended to cross the Cordillera, and get into Chile, and from thence to Peru, by going over the snow-capped Andes.

Left behind, Charlie could scarcely repress his fears. He was, it must be remembered, little more than a boy in years, being still under twenty, and it was almost the first time in his life in which he had felt thoroughly alone.

A firm hand on his shoulder startled him from his unpleasant reverie, and then Tregarth, Captain Tregarth I might more politely call him, said:

"Come, sir, it's no use looking on the blackest side of everything; we ain't quite alone in the world, you and me, while we're together, and the fellows here ain't such a bad sort, only they're dull with doing nothing but work, and eat, and sleep, and they're awfully ignorant; so as we know a little bit of some things, we ought to teach 'em. What do you think sir, ain't it your opinion that every position in life has its duties?"

"Yes, I suppose it has, but I'll talk to you later, captain. I have something to do now."

And the lad went back into his hut, closed the door behind him, and then sat down to try to realise and face the future that was before him.

But Charlie Cranbourne was no coward, moral or physical, his duties at the mine, and in the assaying house, commenced on the morrow, and at the appointed time he was at his post.

It was nearly a week after Gordon had left them and Charlie was already beginning to feel the monotony of the life he was leading, when Captain Tregarth again broached the subject of doing something to interest and instruct the miners.

"I call it a dreadful thing for men to be so much like brute beasts," he said, earnestly. "Look at those fellows," he went on, pointing to a group of miners who, their work being done, were sitting down before a fire, smoking, their eyes fixed on the glowing embers, but with such a dull heavy expression of countenance that seemed to suggest the idea of absolute vacuity of mind and soul.

"I don't see anything remarkable in them," replied the younger man, "unless it is that besides looking stronger they seem more stupid than usual?"

"Yes, that's just it, their minds are blanks," returned the Cornishman eagerly. "They are good miners and that's all, and when their work is done they're no better than the Indians about us, only they're duller. Bless you, sir, I know what it is. I shouldn't have been better myself if a good clever woman, our captain's wife, hadn't thought here was the making of something better than a drunkard out of me, and talked to me and lent me books and gave me a glimpse of something better than the life I was content with. She were a good woman she were," he said relapsing into the Cornish sing-song dialect.

"I have no doubt she was both good and clever and that she was a sort of providence, sent in your way to help you, but what has all that to do with the men that are working here?"

"Just this, sir, we've got to be a 'good providence' to them."

"Wo!" repeated Charlie, somewhat agast.

"Yes, we, sir. You're purser and I'm captain; between us we've got the cure to them all, and like Englishmen we've got to do our duty."

"So far I agree with you and am ready to do mine. only I must understand what it is."

"Well, to begin, sir. It's no use preaching to them chaps. They don't understand half you say, and if you do, they don't practise what they do know, so 'tisn't likely they'll get through any more to oblige you. So our first thing is to make them comfortable, to get some warmth and circulation into their bodies, and then mayhap you'll be able to wake up their minds and souls."

"You are probably right, but I confess I don't understand how what you suggest is to be done, neither do I see that it is our duty to do it, or what good will result from the effort if we make it."

"Don't you, sir, then I'm very sorry. I was sure you'd be glad to help me, but if you won't I don't suppose I can do much alone."

"Oh, I'll help you if I can, Captain Tregarth, though I don't much see the use of it, but what is it you would first suggest?"

The Cornishman looked at his companion, and then breathed a deep sigh; it was hard to be obliged to make a convert before he could gain an assistant in the work he felt it was his duty to attempt.

"You just make me think of our young squire," he said, mournfully, "a better hearted man never lived, he wished everybody to be as well off and as comfortable as himself; but he never took the trouble to help to right a wrong in his life-time. His estate was the worst managed, his tenants the most vicious and miserable, and he was killed out of revenge for an outrage that he never heard of, but that his wilful indolence and indifference had connived at."

Charlie Cranbourne made no reply for a moment. He remembered how his sister Clytie had tried to impress upon him the duties and responsibilities that wealth, position or power entailed. He had paid little heed to them, except as theories, now, the same lesson was being enforced upon him again, and this time he felt he must listen to and practise it.

So he said quietly enough:

"I know so little, captain, that I should be quite afraid to attempt to teach; but I am willing to be your pupil, and to help you as far as I can; what do you propose?"

"There, I call that acting like a man!" said Tregarth, heartily. "If you'll help me we'll do some good to these poor beggars and save ourselves from rusting. Now, this is what I'm thinking of."

"Yes," assented Charlie, for Tregarth had paused. "You see?" he began, cautiously, "the things a miner in these parts has most to contend with first, is starvation and cold; ain't they now?"

"I suppose they are; that is the disease; what is the cure?" asked our hero.

"Just this, what it is in England—co-operation. Don't you see, if we get a kind of shop here, every man has his share in it, so he's a kind of partner, and he gets his food better and cheaper than if he buys it alone, besides being able to get in a kind of store against the time when the snow storms and the bad weather comes."

"It is an excellent idea, but will the men do it?" queried Charlie.

"I think so; some of them will at any rate, and the others will soon be glad to join them. Then we must have a kind of common room or big shed, that will keep out wind and weather, and where they can cook, or smoke, or read, or talk, a kind of rough club-room like."

"You are cutting out a great deal of work, and after all I don't see that you are teaching the men much," objected Charlie.

"If we teach them to live like sober, rational men, we shall have done something, sir," replied the Cornishman, in a tone of mild rebuke; "we don't expect to gather grapes from thorns, and we should not reasonably hope to find a vigorous, healthy mind in a debased and brutalised body. I like to start with first principles, sir, and work out to complicated ones, but who is this?"

The question was caused by the entrance of a gaucho, one of the free horsemen, whose home is in the Pampas.

In his hand he held some papers carefully tied up in oil silk, which, after a glance at Charlie, he presented to him.

"Letters from Sir William Bentham!" exclaimed our hero, while his face flushed hotly: "one for you, captain, another for me. I must go and see what he says."

And so saying, anxious to be alone to open the missive that might contain some allusion to, or message from Julia, Charlie Cranbourne walked off to his own hut, there to enjoy the contents without the eye of another upon him.

(To be continued.)

An order has been issued to the effect that from the 1st of November all the tollgates on the road between London and Brighton were abolished.

JAPANESE HOSPITALITY.

A DAIMIO whose acquaintance I had made invited Mr. — and myself to his house to meet several Japanese gentlemen; we two were to be the only Europeans there.

My friend got there before me. I arrived rather late, and was met at the door by the daimio and another Japanese.

After I had taken off my boots, and we had all knelt down on the mats, bobbing our heads down in turn, according to correct Japanese fashion, I was conducted into the house, and seated on a small cushion on the mat, by the side of Mr. —, who was placed on the right of the host, the guests sitting in order round the room.

Mr. — was already deep in Japanese food, and as soon as I had taken my seat, a small basin of soup, with little pieces of meat in it, was handed to me by the daughter of our host, who afterwards sat down opposite Mr. — and myself in the centre of the circle, with two bottles of saké, one cold and the other hot, to fill up the small cups when required. The wife of the daimio, and his little child, and another Japanese lady were also of the party. Besides these, about six professional actors and singing girls, with their samisen (or guitars) were there; all these (except the two ladies and child) sat in the middle, to pour out the saké and attend.

After I had finished the soup another tray was handed to me, with two kinds of raw fish, other cooked fish, and sweet potatoes, besides numerous other Japanese delicacies, which I am unable to name, and did not venture to try.

We drank to our host and other friends, who handed their cups politely, bowing down and touching their foreheads with their cups, which we accepted with equal politeness, and handed to one of the attendants to be filled.

After drinking, the correct thing is to dip the edge of the cup at which you have drunk into a bowl of water, which is always provided for the purpose, and to hand it politely back again, for him to drink to you in return; or among intimate friends, it is a very common custom, after you have finished your draught and have dipped the cup in water, to throw it across the room to your friend, who catches it, and returns your good health.

After talking, from time to time eating a little, and varying that with smoking, the singing girls began to entertain the company; sometimes only one singing and playing on her samisen, and sometimes as many as six singing together.

I will not attempt to describe the character of the singing yet, as it takes some time before a European can duly appreciate it, but the Japanese told me that it was very good, and Mr. — and I showed our approval by clapping our hands.

The dancing, or rather acting, is a very common recreation, and every child is instructed in it. This also it required time for a foreigner to appreciate, but it is sometimes very elegant.

It consists in striking innumerable attitudes, and turning the head and eyes about in a most extraordinary manner, and at the same time waving the hands and fan; the performers do not speak, but the dancing-mistress sits at a short distance from them singing and accompanying herself on her samisen.

HALLOWE'EN.

THE good old custom of Hallowe'en has been supported by her Majesty, and we trust that the example of patronising ancient usages will be followed by others.

Within a few years May games, harvest homes, fairs, wakes, Easter and Christmas amusements among the humbler classes have been on the decline, and there is less error of all kinds than in bygone days.

When divested of brutal deeds such as pugilism, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting, the rural annual gatherings gladdened the hearts of many who toiled throughout the year.

Upon such occasions all classes mingled, friendships were cemented, feuds often made up, the tiller of the soil had a kind word said to him by his employer; the village maiden, dressed as the May Queen, received homage from all; and the artisan, who had passed many hours of labour in a densely populated neighbourhood, enjoyed the fresh air and the fun of the fair or wake.

That drunkenness occasionally existed cannot be denied, but it seems hard that the sports of the innocent should suffer for the deeds of the guilty.

The Queen, then, has set a noble example, and it has been followed out in another direction by Alderman Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor.

For many years the pageant of the 9th of November has been shorn of its glories; men in armour, banners, and bands of military music have in a great measure been dispensed with, and the procession was not worthy of the First Magistrate of the City of London.

Thanks to Sir Thomas White, the Londoners had a regular procession, accompanied by numerous military bands, men in armour, and, with a view of celebrating the Prince of Wales's tour in India, elephants highly caparisoned joined the ranks.

The late Lord Mayor was conspicuous for his hospitality, and we have every reason to believe that his successor will be equally so, for no more liberal man than Sir Thomas exists. His daughter, Miss White, is also highly qualified to act as Lady Mayoress.

ATTILA THORNFLESH.

AT the age of forty, Attila Thornflesh was everywhere known as an inveterate grumbler at mankind and the existing order of things. Whether he was born a grumbler or had become so from lack of proper mental and moral tuition in his youth, which resulted in his being "very fast" in early manhood, so that bad associates and continued excesses had impaired his constitution and intellect long before he reached the meridian of life, it is certain he was a moral and physical wreck at that age when men should be strongest and best.

Wasted energies and opportunities had kept him poor, and his morbid propensities for snarling and predicting evil made him generally avoided as one of those clouds in the social sky which never show a sunny side.

Disease had become chronic in both his frame and his fancy. Physical and mental pain had shattered his nerves, and nearly exhausted what fitness he had ever had for the duties of life, and his pernicious example was reflected in the conduct of a termagant wife and dissolute son, whom his poverty and character had taught to disrespect him and to increase the unhappiness of his home.

Occasionally, a gleam of earlier energy would for a short time return to him, and he would be successful as a roving "trader" in this, that, and the other, but gloom and disappointment would soon come back, and leave him no apparent source of satisfaction but grumbling—recitals of his troubles at home and abroad, anathemas upon the human race in general, and his wife and son in particular, and predictions of speedy calamities to come upon all who were more fortunate than he wished them to be.

"If he might ever be said to be 'in his glory,' it was when he succeeded in obtaining what he thought a sympathising or at least a patient listener. To such a one, with prophetic fore-finger uplifted, and trembling in unison with his emotional voice, he would say:

"I'll tell you what it is—between you and me—blood has got to run knee-deep! Mind, I tell ye! Things seem prosperous outside—this country is at peace with itself and all the world—the papers and speechmakers are bragging about the blessings we enjoy, and all that—but I tell you everything has got to come down, down, yet—so that a poor man shall have a chance to make a shilling."

"Why? Don't they let you have a chance to make one?" his hearer might ask, incapable of tracing the exact connection between the misfortunes of Thornflesh and the ruin of the whole country.

"I don't make anything at all, nowadays. And what does it? It is the infernal aristocrats and religious people, and politicians, that are making all the money, and won't give a poor man like you and me, a chance to live. Blood's got to run, knee-deep—we've got to wade in blood up to the chin—and I wouldn't care if it was to come to-morrow. You know it is so, yourself, don't you? Can't you see it's such a state of things—as I never did see?"

"Ain't you a little mistaken in your reckoning?" a wag might say; "to make him more savage and absurd. 'I'm getting along well enough; and if I wasn't, I don't know that I should be any better off if I should wade in blood up to my chin. It would be difficult, too.'"

"I know it will be difficult, but it's got to be done; and you'll live to see it. The whole country has got to be up to its eyes in blood. It can't be no other ways."

"But how is that to help you, Mr. Thornflesh?" "I don't expect it," gritting his teeth, in the resolution of despair; "I don't expect ever to be any better off than I am. I've given up that idea long

ago, ha, ha, ha! But all I ask is to be spared to see everything come to rack and ruin, and crumble to atoms, soaked in blood!"

"I hope I shan't be around in those days."

"But you can't help yourself, nor I neither. Just see how I'm treated. All I made yesterday was fourteen shillings. Went home tired, scarcely able to walk, at eleven o'clock at night—and fast thing I tumbled over was my son, laying drunk on the floor, and my wife not home yet, and no fire and no supper. Then she comes in full spite, from her religious meeting, and calls me all the names she can lay her tongue to, and is at me for a guinea for a new hat."

"Where is my supper, you jade?" says I.

"Make a fire, and get it yourself," says she.

"Then you don't have a half-penny of money from me," says I.

"Then she turns right round and goes off, and stays all night at some Christian friend's; and then my son comes to a little, and g' ts up, and asks me to go off and get tipsy with him."

"I said, 'No, I didn't feel exactly like it,' and he ups with his fist and knocks me down, and knobs me, and goes off himself; and this morning I heard he was up for fighting, and wanted me to pay his fine! But I shan't do it; and till he gets out there'll be more rows with my wife; and when he does come out there'll be more rows with him; and between them both I know they mean to be the death of me. No peace at home, and not a chance to make a shilling anywhere. I never saw such times since I was born, and such wives and sons as they make now-a-days would be hard to beat. Blood'll run, sure, when sons knob their fathers, and then asks 'em to get 'em out of difficulty."

"Your son is rather a hard character."

"Regular flint, like his mother; and I don't blame him so much, because it's she that sets him up to it. You see she's got a religious spite agin me, and it's born in him, I expect."

"But they say you used to be fast, yourself."

"He beats my time, altogether. You see it's the fashion, in these immoral times, for boys to raise their hands agin their father, and the women puts 'em up to it. But it's no new thing to me. Nothing surprises me and there's worse to come. I want a new pair of boots, and rent to pay, and where the money is coming from I don't know, unless I go on the highway. I'll be brought to it some day. Two-thirds of the people will be on the highway!"

"There'll be a good deal of travelling done in those days, then."

"Travelling? We're all travelling to—, in my opinion; and nobody can help it. I can see it as plain as light in a dark night. What do the papers say? There's every kind of iniquity carried on under the sun. Steamship lost a few days ago with all her cargo and two hundred lives, on purpose, I expect, to get the insurance. But I don't care for that, for these sanguinary insurance offices make about all the money there is made, now-a-days, and I hope they'll all break up, and the banks too, and the politicians, and the corrupt government, and the religious societies, and everybody that wears their silks and satins, and lives on the fat of the land, while the poor people, like you and me, I tell you—, are starving, and have to go to the almshouse to keep out of jail!"

"I read the criminal calendar, every chance I can ketch, to see what's going on in the world, and the indications is, between you and me, that it's the worst world that ever was made, and everything is pretty nearly worn out and rotten. There'll be an end, sir, there'll be an end, soon. There is not an honest man to be found anywhere. The rich rogues the poor, and the poor has to rogue the rich, in order to get square, and pay their honest debts. Nobody ever expected to live to see such a state of things. If my old grandfather was alive, he'd want to die the next minute, to see how things are working—like old cheese, all alive, and working to pieces, of its own accord!"

"Two suicides and a murder in the country the other day, six or eight robberies in the city, four incendiary fires, merchants failing, banks suspending, evangelical alliances, elopements, drownings, and foundlings found. Do you keep your eyes open and don't you hear it? I dream of evils every night, and wake up in the morning and find them true, and worse than I expected. But I'm glad of it, you! I'm glad of it! I expect nothing but a general massacre every day. They want a man to live by the skin of his teeth, and he might as lief die, as starve to death. But I want to see all the rich, wealthy, moneyed men die first, and then I shall die happy!"

"I should like to see you happy, Thornflesh, but I'm afraid you never will be, as long as your body is in such a diseased state. I think it affects your mind. Is your eye any better? Has the doctor done anything for that yet? You told me your complaint had not settled there."

"So he said. He knows my sufferings; but between you and me, what does doctors care how much you suffer, when they can keep you running after them, to pay them money to keep you groaning? I think he has nearly done for this one eye, and as soon as that is gone, he'll go to work on the other so long as I can see my way to find money to pay him. These doctors beat the Devil One, but they're like the rest of the world. Nobody wants to see anybody get along. They want to make everybody else blind, and rob 'em, too. Satan's tramping through the four quarters of the eternal globe, I tell you; and getting the upper hand, especially in this country. I'm pretty nigh done for, for one; and it's all owing to this spirit of invie. The whole world has conspired agin me, out of pure invie. I can see that with one eye, and I won't complain if I can live to see rivers of blood rushing through the streets with the other. That's what I pray for!"

"Is it possible that you ever pray? Do you think, praying does any good?"

"Not a bit. But I do it out of spite. I know that I pray for is sure to come, whether I pray for it or not; but it eases my mind to know I am so willing to help it along, whether I help it or not. It's like a barrel rolling down hill; you know it will roll, but it's a satisfaction to give it a kick while it's going."

"It must be consoling to you to have such a fervent faith."

"If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't live another day. But I am encouraged when I know I shall live to see everything pulled to pieces and on fire, and human blood pouring in showers. There'll be wolves and wildcats howling in the principal streets, and women with children in their arms crawling along the gutters with nothing to eat but paving-stones, and rich men's bones rattling all around them. There'll be no business done but robbing and murdering, and the poor men will do it. Ships will be sunk, and banks broken open, and stores blown up, crops destroyed, and everybody's hands be at everybody's throat, till the whole sum total of mankind will be heaved into perdition without a death-cart or a sexton. You mark my words, and see if it isn't precisely so."

"You frighten me."

"It's high time to be frightened when we see how things are conducted, and a poor man can't get a chance to make a shilling. I can see a long way ahead, and I've been watchin what's coming for a long time. Every little I make I have to pay out, and everything I pay out does me no good, but helps somebody else that's waiting to get it, and so makes of me nothing but a slave. Every time I have a hope it is followed by a disappointment, and every time I am disappointed it is no more than I expected. It's the way they do business in these days; and they calculate it's going to last; but I calculate not, for I can see that Satan's at the bottom of it all, and is only waiting for the blood to run."

For years the gangrened, suffering soul of Attila Thornflesh was accustomed to annoy or amuse his acquaintances with such dismal predictions, his once stout frame finally withered away under the slow tortures of disease, while his prophecies increased in bitterness, till at last, homeless and friendless, he was missed from the haunts of men; and those who thought of him at all imagined that, tired of waiting for the universal ruin he had foretold, he had committed suicide in some secluded place.

Not long ago, as one who had been familiar with his ravings was sauntering through a hospital, he was called to the bedside of a dying man who recognised him.

It proved to be no other than Attila Thornflesh.

The parting soul, which still animated the skeleton, mentioned his name with scarcely-audible tones, and for the moment gave a smiling look to the wan face, as he referred to the hard times, numerous failures, frauds, etc., and then to his old-time predictions.

" Didn't I tell you so?" he muttered, as if exulting in what seemed to him the beginning of the fulfilment; " much has been done, and there is more a coming. I shall die soon; but when you go away from here, I want you to try to live to see the whole thing out, and then tell 'em, when they're chin-deep, that I said how it would be, long ago."

He died, and that was his dying consolation.

He believed he had been a true prophet, and the savage imagery of prospective evil gave peace to the death-bed of one whose life had been a long war with hopeless poverty and pain.

H. B.

THE steam street cars of Paris are three-deck vehicles, carrying 200 people, and are luxurious to ride in. The decks are reached by an elegant staircase, with decorated silver railings, and the steam engine is attached ahead in such a manner as to afford no inconvenience to the passengers.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

THERE is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it.

The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humour. As well might fog and cloud, and vapour, hope to cling to the sun-illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always.

There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

It may at times seem difficult for the happiest temper to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows.

It comes to us providentially as good—and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons. Why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting?

Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of Philosophy and of Christianity.

What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness?

If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by the blissful bowers where we shall all meet to part no more for ever.

Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful.

It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendator in society.

You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness.

The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

CHILDISH FAITH.

THE other day a good-hearted but intemperate woman living in the eastern part of the city became intoxicated, and created a disturbance on the street in front of her house. An officer marched her to the station. Soon after she had been placed in a cell her two children came in—one a girl of six, and the other a boy of three.

"Won't you let me out?" asked the girl of the officer.

They tried to explain to her what course would be taken, and the little ones started for home. Returning after three or four minutes, the girl asked:

"If we get afraid to-night, and the Lord comes here to get our ma out and bring her home, you won't stop him, will you?"

The men looked at each other without replying, and the girl continued:

"Come, Johnny, let's go home, and I'll pray, and mother will be home before it's dark!"

An hour before dark she was sober and was sent home. Justice was not hard-hearted enough to oblige those trusting children to pass a long, dark night alone.

THE WORLD.

WHAT is the world, even to those who love it? who are intoxicated with the pleasures, and who cannot live without it? The world is a perpetual servitude, where no one lives for himself alone, and where, if we strive to be happy, we must kiss its fetters and live its bondage. The world is a daily revolution of events, which create in succession, in the minds of its partisans, the most violent passions, bitter hatred, odious perplexities, devouring jealousy, and grievous chagrins.

The world! it is a place of malediction, where pleasures themselves carry with them their troubles and afflictions. In the world there is nothing lasting—nor fortune the most affluent—nor friendship the most sincere—nor character the most exalted—nor favours the most enviable.

Men pass their lives in agitation, projects, and schemes; always ready to deceive, or trying to avoid deception; always eager and active to profit

by the retirement, disgrace, or death of their competitors; always occupied with their fears or their hopes; always discontented with the present and anxious about the future, never tranquil, doing everything for repose, removing still farther from its vanity, ambition, vengeance, luxury, and avarice; these are the virtues which the world knows and esteems.

In the world, integrity passes for simplicity; duplicity and dissimulation are meritorious. Interest the most vile arms brother against brother, friend against friend—and breaks all the ties of blood and friendship; and it is this base motive which produces our hatreds or attachments! The wants and misfortunes of a neighbour find only indifference and insensibility, while we can neglect him without loss, or cannot be recompensed for our assistance.

If we could look into two different parts of the world—if we could enter into the secret detail of anxieties and inquietudes—if we could pierce the outward appearance which offers to our eyes only joy, pleasure, pomp, and magnificence, how different should we find it from what it appears! We should see it destitute of happiness—the father at variance with his child; the husband with his wife; and the antipathies, the jealousies, the murmurs, and the external dissensions of his family.

We should see friendship broken by suspicions, by caprices; union the most endearing, dissolved by inconsistency; relations the most tender, destroyed by hatred and perfidy; fortunes the most affluent, producing more vexation than happiness; places the most honourable not giving satisfaction, but creating desires for higher advancement; each one complaining of his lot, and the most elevated not the most happy.

THE GOLD BUTTON.

WHEN I was first ushered into the world, I was as bright a bit of gold as you ever saw.

Mind, I don't say I was solid. I shone and glittered, until you'd have thought I was valuable. I was, for a button.

There were dozens of us on a blue card, and we were laid in a box, to our disgust; for when one is handsome, one likes to be seen; but one day the cover was lifted and we heard a gentleman say:

"Here Mr. Sticher, is the size you want, and the pattern, too."

"You're right," said Mr. Sticher. "Give me ten dozen of 'em."

These were cut off, and the tailor put them into a bag and walked off, saying:

"Those coats for the naval officers' ball will go home to-night, Mr. Thompson, but it's been a close shave to do it."

How we chuckled at that!

We felt that we were aristocratic buttons, and destined to adorn the dress coats of officers, and when we were really fastened on to the coats we were prouder still.

My officer took great interest in the coat and took two glasses to look at its back when he had me on, and said, "By Jove! not a wrinkle."

Then he put a flower in my buttonhole—mine, and away we went.

How little I thought then that I should ever be old and tarnished.

How much less that I could possibly drop off—but such was my fate.

I was, unfortunately, the very last button sewed on, and the sewing was done in a hurry.

Though I did not know it at the time, only one frail thread had passed through my shank.

In the midst of a waltz that thread broke, and I rolled upon the floor.

If I had had a voice I should have screamed aloud. At last, however, I was rescued.

A little white-gloved hand picked me up and held me close, and nily dropped me into a silk-lined pocket.

"I saw him lose it," I heard a pretty woman's voice murmur. "I know it is Mr. Mortimer's."

That night I went home, not to a gentleman's room but to a fair lady's.

All alone in this room with me, she took me from her pocket and kiss-ed me.

Never was I so surprised; but I soon found it was not for my own sake.

"I know you do not love me now, Mortimer," she whispered; "but you have worn this, and I will keep it."

She kissed me again, and strung me upon a little blue silk ribbon, and tied me about her white throat.

All night I laid against her soft heart and felt it beat.

I was not sorry that I had been lost from the officer's coat.

Indeed, I detested him now; for from what this lovely creature said to me, it was plain that he had made love to her, and at last jilted her for someone who had more money.

I made up my mind, of course, that I should be worn about the young lady's neck for ever; but I reckoned without my host.

Youth is youth.

Pretty soon the young lady ceased to talk so much about Mortimer.

Another gentleman had come upon the carpet. Soon she was "engaged."

On that evening I was hastily crammed into a box and heartlessly left there.

Rose was married and went upon her bridal trip, and unless the lid of the box happened to be up, I saw nothing of the fine doings.

When she had gone, her little sister came into the room one day, spied me and carried me off; after that I was for a long time a doll's watch; I hung upon gold thread about a china neck, and was carried all about the house upstairs and down, even out into the street sometimes.

At last—my destiny has ever hung upon a thread—that gold twist snapped in two, and I rolled into a space between the paving-stones.

There I lay deserted, forlorn, and dirty, my gilding fast going, and no one even taking any notice of me.

It was the pavement outside a little park, a quiet aristocratic place; ladies dressed in velvet and costly silk swept past.

One day my lady came there; she who had worn me on her heart so long.

She walked slowly up and down; one white hand was ungloved; upon it glittered her wedding-ring and its diamond keeper.

She looked at her watch.

"He is late," she said. "Then she blushed rosy red, and whispered: "No, he comes."

I looked. Through the leafy shadows of the park came my first owner, Mortimer.

They walked up and down together. Often their feet touched me.

I could not hear what they said, but I saw how she looked. It was enough for me.

Again, had the poor gilt button had but a voice, how it would have cried out.

But, alas, would she have listened to me, when she was heedless of the mute appeal of the wedding-ring upon her finger? I fear not.

Often and often after that they met there. It was spring time when they first came.

In the autumn, when the leaves had rustled from the trees, and carpeted the ground, they came there still.

Now she often wept; and he sometimes spoke almost angrily. I knew something terrible was about to happen.

At last one morning Mortimer came to the rendezvous.

Now, instead of her light tread, came the rapid footfall of an angry man.

I saw for a moment a face I had not seen since Rose's wedding day—the brown, bearded face of her husband.

An oath rang upon the air. I heard the report of a pistol; then Mortimer fell across me, dead, and his life-blood dripped over my tarnished gilding.

After that a crowd, a bustle, men in the uniform of the police.

The body was carried away. The rain washed the blood from the pavement. Still I remained wedged in my nook, and on my breast one dry drop of that false heart's blood.

Years swept by. There was no gilding nothing more.

One day a miserable creature staggered through the park. Her clothes were mere shreds and tatters. Her face was miserably thin. Save for two flapping slippers, her feet were bare.

She put her skeleton arm upon the cold stones, and laid her head upon it.

"Here he died," she said. "Mortimer! Mortimer!"

And I knew Rose's voice. Oh, a faded and a withered rose, indeed!

Then her eyes—dying eyes, I knew—caught sight of me.

She put her finger under the crevice of the stone and lifted me out.

"How odd!" she said. "I wore such a button as this was once over my heart for a year, because it

dropped from his coat. How strange I should find one here where he died!"

Then she took me in her hand. It closed upon me. Soon it grew cold.

Do you know they are going to bury me with her? They could not wrench the hand open. It was only a poor, unfortunate, nameless woman, who was found dead in the street.

It did not matter.

M. K. D.

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Quite unable to believe the fellow's story, I hurried off immediately to Luttrell's Strasse to satisfy myself of a fact which, though my fears foreboded only to be too true, my senses almost refused to take in.

There was no doubt about it. The house was all shut up and empty, sure enough.

I pealed at the door bell, I shouted for the woman of the house.

I could only learn from her, when she at last descended to make her appearance with her mouth full, wiping crumbs and relics of the repast from which she had been interrupted, that she could only suppose that the colonel must have that morning received some sudden and most imperative news from England which could thus have caused him to depart at a moment's notice.

That at only eight o'clock that morning had she, and they at the same time themselves apparently, had an idea of their departure, that all then had been in a state of confusion and hurry, everything packed up, their passports procured by special favour from the minister, with whom they were intimate; their accounts settled; her own among them, with three months' rent over and above what was owing (she could not help showing her own intense appreciation of that part of the arrangements); and all had departed—all, the dead young fraulein, and all—but by the two o'clock train from the Newstadt station.

"The dead young fraulein and all," she repeated; as I suppose, staggered as I already was, I had not exhibited a sufficient increase of astonishment at that last announcement, that the beautiful fraulein had died last night, that she herself had been into the room to see her, and indeed had herself assisted the nurse at the last arrangements of the body, and had then gone out, by the express desire of the colonel, to give the requisite notification to the police authorities; and also, that while she was about it, though the colonel, perhaps not aware of the customs of the country, or very likely forgetful from his heavy grief, had not desired her to do so, that she had gone a little way further on to an excellent Leichen-besorger (which is their name for undertaker), in the same neighbourhood; and ordered a handsome and serviceable coffin, to be decorated and furnished suitable to the station and means of a noble Engländer's family.

But that she had been so entirely upset and flabbergasted by the announcement of their sudden departure that morning, that she had utterly forgotten to mention the fact of her having given this most requisite order; and that now they were all gone, particularly the young lady herself, what she should do about the coffin when it came; or what she must say to the man when he brought it, she could not even think.

Now was that all of the strange and wonderful that she, a poor, though honest woman, who had hitherto led a quiet life, undisturbed by any incident since her marriage thirty-two years before, until the last twenty-four hours had if not to endure, to experience.

Not only had the fair fraulein died, as she had related, and the whole house, herself included, been plunged in grief; but also a desperate gang of burglars, robbers, brigands, had attacked, and actually succeeded in breaking into the house; that the colonel, brave man, although, as she had previously described, borne down and bewildered with his loss, had resisted with the courage of a lion, and had alone sustained a hand-to-hand conflict with the assailants; that she herself had distinctly witnessed, no, not witnessed, but listened to the struggle; but that she and her good husband, who in his time had proved that he was brave enough by having served his time in the Landwehr, and so there was no need now of any further risks, since his courage was established, and he was no longer paid for it; so that he and herself had hid their heads under their bed clothes, repeating what they could remember of the ten commandments, and other prayers, feeling sure that their tenants on the first floor were being murdered, and that, their own last hour was come; but that, after all

the burglars had been foiled in their attempt, their real object having been, as far as she could gather from the report of the servant maid in the morning, not plate or money—but being English painters, or perhaps students of medicine in one of the neighbouring universities, they were trying to seize and carry away the body of the young lady; attracted by the report of the extraordinary beauty and grace of her form when alive, they probably wished to secure it, to embalm either as a model of art for the further advancement of physical science, she could not quite say which; but that the same maid, having been some years in England, had given her to understand that the stealing, or even taking by force of dead bodies for the afore-mentioned purposes, was quite a common and established practice in that country.

That might, she went on to remark, have had something to do with the reason of the colonel's sudden resolution of leaving her house, and indeed Dresden, on such extraordinary short notice, paying as he had (she again repeated with the same evidently intense satisfaction as before) the full rent for three months with a permission to take in another family even to-morrow, if she were lucky enough to catch one; and that all letters, bills, accounts, or claims against them which might be sent in—though as to the latter she was ready to testify on oath that they had always paid for everything by the week—but should any arise, the colonel had left orders that they were to be sent in to his agent, Herr Fasser.

"But the young lady, the *fräulein*," I inquired, "what has become of her, then?"

"Bless your stars," rejoined the old dame, "what I have to tell you of her you will find to be the strangest and most difficult to believe of all this most strange story, although it may perhaps be after all only in accordance with their other strange island customs, or religious ceremonies.

"I, Gretchen Speiser, with my own eyes witnessed the *fräulein* Harrison taking in a basin of hot consommé to the dead young lady; and was actually inviting her to rise and try to take some of it; when turning, she perceived that I had ventured to follow her into the apartment, meaning, as I did, to offer my services if I could in any way be of assistance to them in their distress, she without ceremony pushed me out and slammed the door."

"She was always most haughty and of impulsive passions, was the *fräulein* Harrison.

"But, gadding Herr! I almost fear to be suspected of presuming too much upon your credulity when I inform you that, as I afterwards heard from my house-maid, whose help for cording up and carrying down their thousand of boxes and packages they were obliged to call in, they actually dressed the poor child's corpse, and laying her upon the mattress belonging to that narrow and most uncomfortable camp-sofa, on which the colonel, who was an excellent man, but full of very strange whims, would always insist upon sleeping in preference to any other bed, however luxuriously prepared; they carried her down upon that mattress and took her away with them in the driftness to the station.

"What the inspector of the police will think or say of this strange affair when, in accordance with my official invitation, he arrives, I am at a loss to imagine, or indeed the maker of coffins; they will, I fear, accuse me wrongfully of having deceived and wished to make fools of them.

"But lo! as I speak the very words, the leichenbeschorgers are here!"

Sure enough at that very moment two fellows carrying between them a lightly-built inner coffin, or shell, appeared round the corner of the street.

Why is it, I often wonder, that one's natural sense of the ridiculous always seems most keenly alive in the very presence of any peculiarly solemn object, or at the moment of any special grief or great trouble; that such is the case has not every one experienced? On such occasions as a squawking baby, or a chirping bird, or more especially a Sunday-school boy in a country church: how such small matters will set a whole congregation giggling, particularly if the sermon happens to be above average dismal; not an individual of which would anywhere else have, perhaps, noticed the incident, or if at all, only as a nuisance.

A lapsus linguae of the parson at a funeral, or the chief mourner sitting himself down on his own hat, will often set people off in a roar; a mere blunder on the part of a blockheaded witness in the most serious trial for murder will produce what the papers parenthesize as "roars of laughter," of which the involuntary perpetrators are themselves ashamed before it is actually over.

Is it not so? and does not universal experience in this respect again confirm my views on the great natural law of contraries to which I have before alluded as one of the existing, but little understood principles of natural science?

CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS led to diverge slightly into certain by-the-bye observations in the end of the last chapter by the recollection of my own internal sensations as I stood by, witnessing the arrival of the two undertakers' satellites with their dismal burden between them, their faces professionally drawn down into an exaggerated lugubriousness of expression, as they haltered, and proceeded to unwrap the black cloth in which the shell was enveloped; while there, speechless on the top step, stood the landlady, watching their operations with an air of helpless and mystified bewilderment, as though unable as had been the first outburst of her narrative of wonder to myself, who happened to have been the first comer, now that she should have again to explain, account for, and, as perhaps she felt, be held personally responsible for all that had so strangely come to pass, fairly overpowered by so much to tell, her ideas seemed to have clubbed themselves in all trying to find vent at once; and in sheer despair she gave up the attempt as a bad job, and stood gasping with her great mouth wide open like a fresh-landed salmon, as she stared at the undertakers, and they stood and stared back at her.

One often hears of "dying of laughing," without attaching much literal meaning to the expression; but at that scene I really laughed to that degree that I thought I must have expired from utter exhaustion. I laughed myself quite sore.

I am sure my very ribs ached with the pain for two or three days after it.

And to bring the whole thing to a climax, while they were still standing staring, and I was stamping about the dusty pavement doubled up with laughter, up came the police official in full uniform, attended by due state by two myrmidons, to take the proper notifications of the death, of which he had received notice, as having occurred on the previous evening.

To attempt to describe the astonishment, incredulity, and other gradual feelings up to unwilling admission of the fact at least of there being no young lady to register as dead, or to bury, would be beyond my humble powers.

There they were all round the coffin. One of the police seemed inclined to vent his outraged feelings by an assault upon me for my unseemly merriment, against which I hung up all attempts of straggling; and he had even made a fierce stride or two towards me, till I heard his superior remind him that I was evidently an Englishman, and, therefore, better left alone.

As for the undertakers, who evidently considered themselves to have been shamefully bilked and ill-used, they were for some time inclined to take their coffin upstairs, and their right customer having escaped them, to insist upon the landlady herself, who, so far, according to her own account, had ordered it, paying for it, and putting it away until, as they tried to convince her, she would be sure to find she wanted it some time or other; but as they would not abate a kreutzer from the full price, it not being, as they argued, second-hand, the old lady stoutly resisted their proposal; to which, perhaps, if it had been a decided bargain, she might have been more inclined to listen.

The cocked-hatted official seemed half disposed to see the justice of the undertakers' claim, and to back them in it; when luckily remembering the written order which had been left with her by my uncle, for all accounts, claims, or correspondence to be forwarded to Herr Fasser, and producing the same to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, it was decided nem. con. that, under the circumstances, they could not do better than deliver their goods, as per order, forthwith at the house of that respected agent and accountant, and would, no doubt, be fully reimbursed for the same, as well as for their extra trouble.

So, winding-up with another unanimously voted resolution, standing by as I still was, determined to see the absurd business out to its very end, to the effect that of all strange and incomprehensible people, Englanders were, as a nation, the most strange and incomprehensible, they adjourned accordingly.

It seems the worthy Herr Fasser, whom I myself knew slightly, having cashed bills through his office, and so on, was on that very same day celebrating with open house the marriage of his only daughter, which had come off that morning, with a prosperous though rather elderly advocate of Dresden, of considerable wealth and position in his profession.

I use the term of "open house" on this occasion, as the double doors of the said hall were left wide open; and right into the midst of the festivity and circle of said rejoicing friends, and relatives, the two undertakers made their way, and, excited I suppose, partly by the heat, through which they had carried

their burden so far, partly perhaps by the sense of having been hoaxed and disappointed—feeling that they had right on their side—depositing the ghastly object on a great table in the centre with a bang, before any one could recover from their astonishment and horror, had there left it without one word more of explanation than that they had brought it according to orders, and would call next day for their money.

You may I daresay picture to yourself as well as I can the scene which arose upon this most unlooked-for apparition.

The ladies, of course, fainted; the lovely bride went off into screeching hysterics, and was taken seriously ill on the spot.

But in her ravings the bride frequently reiterated the name of an unfortunate lover, a very handsome, but as I was informed, very good-for-nothing young scamp of a medical student, who had, it seems, publicly vowed dire vengeance against the false and fickle damsel herself, her father, and his more successful rival, her present respectable bridegroom.

On hearing these ejaculations, Herr Fasser, boiling over with the natural feelings of an indignant parent, without any further thought or inquiry, immediately jumped at a not improbable conclusion, in which indeed he was unanimously supported by the opinion of the whole of his guests to a man, to the effect that this unlooked-for apparition must be an infamous practical joke and plot on the part of the discarded rival; he accordingly rushed out of the house blind with fury, and intent on all manner of mischief should he meet with the author of so audacious an insult and outrage as that which had been offered him.

As his evil destiny would have it, whom should he run right against, within hundred yards of his own door, but the miserable lover himself in the lowest depths of despair; still, in spite of himself, hanging about the scenes of his once looked-for happiness, now blighted by disappointment and misery.

Some people indeed averred that he was only looking for a good deep place in the Weisseritz canal to drown himself, and his sorrows, at the very threshold of the false one, when, without one word of explanation or notice, Herr Fasser, usually the most peaceful and well-ordered of men, flew upon him, slapped, scratched, and spat in his face; and then, as they rolled together in the dust, in a desperate struggle, using the sharp end of a shoeing-horn, which he had caught up as the nearest weapon at hand when rushing through his hall, he then and there gouged a most frightful gash across the cheek of his most innocent and undeserving victim.

There was of course the very duece to pay. The police were brought up to the row, and it ended in all the parties concerned, bride and bridegroom included, being carried off to prison, and there having to pass many months of incarceration before the affair was finally explained, and the damages arranged.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALTHOUGH, as I tell you, I did not actually witness the tragicoo-comic dénouement to the episode of the repudiated coffin, yet almost directly after they had occurred the whole particulars came to my knowledge under rather unlooked-for circumstances.

Having as I fancied seen the whole fun through to its end, little dreaming of course how much more was still fated to ensue, I had gone to the hotel for my dinner, and from thence returned leisurely to my lodgings, still over and over again bursting into such fits of laughter as to make many of the worthy Dresdeners turn their heads round to look after me, every time the absurdity of the scene I had witnessed again and again tickled my inward gizzard, or whatever the anatomical contrivance within me is which produces that particular demonstration of hilarity.

I stood for a minute or two to have a good laugh well out at the door step of my own lodgings, but no sooner, having given that really last necessary vent to my highly tickled feelings, had I mounted the flight of stairs leading up to my own room, than I and my laughter too were brought up short by the sight of what at that moment met my astonished gaze upon the landing place.

I had left the key in the door when I went out that afternoon, so that Mrs. Slannartz might get in to put the place to rights.

There, I say, piled up outside, first struck my astonished view, my own portmanteau, bag, and boxes, which, upon closer investigation, I found to have been packed, that is, at least, filled with all my clothes, which had been pulled out of the wardrobe and the drawers in my bedroom, and all bundled in anyhow, all higgledy-piggledy. All my worldly possessions were turned out as if for sale by auction,



[TURNED OUT.]

before there had been time to ticket and arrange them.

Having exactly deducted the rent of one week from the sum total due to her, which she seemed to consider, and for all I know, she may have been, all right according to the law of the country, as equivalent to giving me notice for that same period, as covenanted between us, the amount of her demands came to five-and-twenty pounds; though a hundred and sixty-eight thalers seven and a half groschen makes a deal more noise for the money, doesn't it?

That was the exact sum, I remember, due for several weeks' rent, and she demanded instant payment, and that I should then take myself and my goods, all of which she had, as I have described, turned out of my room, off to some other quarters.

She had me, you see, in a regular corner there, confound her; and I think she was fully aware of it too, always poking her nose, as she was, whenever she found a chance, into my drawers and places.

I had been daily intending to write home for reinforcements, but had been so much occupied by all I have been telling you, that I had not found time to do so; so, there I found myself in a regular fix.

She and her dunderheaded numskull of a husband whom she has summoned up from the realms below, only stuck doggedly to their demand for payment and then instant quittance; for that as to allowing me to sleep another night under that roof, after the disturbances, hardships, and insults they had undergone from myself and my ill-chosen friends, they were determined that no mortal persuasion should induce them to consent to anything of the sort.

As to my plea of impenitence, that, they declared, they had nothing to do with, and did not believe it.

However, driven into such a fix as I was, I wrote a note upon the chance to Herr Fussler, who being, I knew, the agent as well as personal friend of my uncle the colonel, I thought him more likely to help me in my dilemma than any one else; and never, of course, guessing all that had happened to him, poor man, sent it off by a messenger, and made up my mind to wait where I was, upon the landing, until I should receive an answer.

I did not exactly fancy leaving all my private property, loose and unprotected as it was, to the mercy or forbearance of the whole household, or, indeed, of anybody who might choose to walk in at the door.

I had given up, as a bad job, any further hopes of prevailing upon the people of the house to let me go

back into my room, even for that night; and was attempting to put some of my stray articles a little into order, when happening to look round, I caught the villain Slannartz coolly occupied with my writing case, his great stupid face peering into the inner compartments, which he had opened, I suppose really to satisfy himself whether I had any money there or not.

I daresay you can give me credit for feeling angry at the pleasant little surprise which had thus been got up to meet me on my return home.

Before he was aware, I had caught the fellow by one of his ears, and sent him flying down the stairs, with a well-directed application of my toe, faster than I suppose my friend had ever found himself moving in his whole life before, right into the arms of a police officer who at that very instant, as if by magic, appeared in the doorway.

I recognised him in an instant as the very one who had taken such offence at me for my disrespectful laughter.

Why he should have jumped up there like a jack-in-the-box, at that particular moment, I cannot say. Whether he had been quietly dogging my steps ever since, having marked something suspicious in my demeanour or appearance; or whether, as I am rather inclined to think, the fact of his being the same individual was a mere coincidence, and that he was only in collusion with the landlady: who, perhaps, anticipating a row, in consequence of her summary mode of ejection, had taken the precautionary measure of having a guardian of the peace near at hand.

Drawing his long sword, he rushed clattering up the stairs, and, waving his glittering blade within an inch of my nose, as I discreetly drew back, hemmed me into a corner in no time.

While still in that ignominious position, I confess I thought myself well off to be allowed to come to a parley with the enemy; the result of which was, my promising that if he would put up his weapon, really dangerous as I felt it to be in the hands of an uneducated fellow, and in the gross misuse of which the authorities are always ready enough to back their myrmidons, except luckily for me at that time there existed amongst them a proper respect for Milord Pal-mere-stone before their eyes.

I agreed with him then, if he would put up his sword, to be taken quietly whithersoever he might feel it his duty to conduct me; only further stipulating that we should first return all my things into

the room, and, having locked the door, that I should keep possession of the key until I knew what was to be my fate.

This proposal of mine, after no end more discussion and wrangling, ended in a compromise, by having the key delivered up to the custody of the police himself, as a neutral party; and that matter being settled, for the time at least, I had nothing for it but to surrender, and be taken under the conduct of the stern official, to answer for my transgressions to wit, a violent personal assault and battery upon my landlord, at the principal police station.

I must tell you that, just as we were starting, my messenger to Herr Fussler had returned with my note unopened, and his face distorted with astonishment and dismay, with a confused account of all that had happened.

That he had found the whole house and neighbourhood in an uproar—that Herr Fussler's fräulein had been married only that very morning—that she had run away directly after the ceremony with the old medical attendant of the family; that the deserted bridegroom had turned upon, and denounced the miserable father for treachery, and connivance in the elopement; that they, but whether the doctor or the bridegroom he was not sure, but stated both or either of them indiscriminately, had fought a duel with Herr Fussler in front of his own door; an d that one, or both, or all of them had been slain on the spot (in that part he was again in much mental obscurity); as to precisely which of them was the dead one, he was not certain, but for one he could vouch on oath, having with his own eyes seen him in his coffin, that was, he had seen the coffin, which must have had somebody in it, on the great table in the middle of the hall.

Upon being cross and recross-examined, the poor boy—he was only a street gamin promiscuously picked up—became as hopelessly involved in contradictions, and palpable inventions, in his account of what really had happened, that the grim policeman, losing all patience, had felt it to be his duty to take him also into custody.

So the bewildered street boy and myself were marched off together, companions in misfortune, with Mother Slannartz in her state bonnet and shawl for which we had had to wait while she refired to bedeck herself, and her in every way inferior half, who came as prosecutors and plaintiffs bringing up the rear.

(To be Continued.)



[THE PRISONER.]

RICHARD PEMBERTON; —OR— THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! my son Absalom! my son! my son Absalom! Would God I might die for thee. Oh, Absalom my son! my son!

The old lady and her girls accompanied Augusta to her chamber to see that everything was there that could possibly be needed for herself or the child, previous to leaving them for the night. They found the babe sleeping sweetly, and the nursemaid sitting by the crib, sewing by the light of the night-lamp.

The room was all sweet, pure, and quiet, and they stole on tip-toe to the crib, put aside the lace curtains, and gazed with a devotion of love upon the little sleeper, murmuring to themselves and to each other:

"The beauty! The sweet innocent! The angel!"

No wonder!

It was the only babe in the family, and the only baby that had been in the family for the last eighteen years.

And this very baby had been waited for five years!

Yes, its parents had been married five years, and this was their first child!

Of course it was bound to be a prodigy and an idol!

There was only one Mordecai that stood at the king's gate, and refused to fall down and worship the princess.

And that was old Solon, the porter at Howlet Hall, who avowed that they had better take care: that the child was only a vessel of wrath, after all; conceived in sin, and born in iniquity, like every other human baby; and babies worshipped as that were very apt to—and there he shook his head, leaving an infinite margin of possibilities!

I do not know whether—as the children tell us—little birds carry news, but certainly some unknown agent advised the thousand expectant sovereigns of M—, that their one subject had come quietly to his town house.

Their majesties were not to be balked in that way of their triumph.

Ever since the first premonitory symptoms of the approaching storm had been heard at the supper-table, the hurrahing, shouting, and tramping, had drawn nearer the house, which was now at length surrounded.

And calls of "Richard Pemberton! The judge! The judge!" were hallooed and yelled, echoed and re-echoed, in every tone and key, from the shrill treble of childhood to the deep bass of manhood, and quavering falsetto of age.

At this time Richard Pemberton, the judge, was supporting the feeble steps of his old father in ascending the staircase.

The staircase led to a wide passage-way, running through the middle of the upper storey, from front to back.

At the end of this passage was a fine balcony, over the portico in front of the house.

"Richard Pemberton! Richard Pemberton!" shouted the crowd for the fiftieth time.

Easing the old man down upon a chair near his own bed-room door, the judge passed up the passage, and went out upon the balcony.

They were still thundering:

"Richard Pemberton! Pemberton! Pemberton!"

A tremendous shout rent the air when he advanced to the front.

There he stood, a glorious man, one of nature's rulers—the noblest work of Heaven!

There he stood, with his royal brow uncovered.

"Three cheers for Richard Pemberton, the Governor General, the new judge!" exclaimed a leading voice among them.

And the voices of thousands responded to the challenge.

"Three cheers for Richard Pemberton, the man of the people!" sang out the same sonorous voice, and the shouting followed.

"And now three times three for Richard Pemberton, the blacksmith's boy!" thundered forth the leader.

And every hat was off, and every arm raised high, and every voice of thousands responded in deafening shouts.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! for Governor General Pemberton!"

"Again hurrah for the man of the people!"

"Once more hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the blacksmith's boy!"

And exhausted and hoarse with so much shouting, the crowd suddenly became silent.

And now appears another figure on the scene. The old patriarch, forgetting his feebleness, or raised above it, comes, leaning on his cane, and tottering to the door of the balcony.

He lifts his noble but trembling form erect, and says:

"Aye, that's me. I'm the blacksmith himself!"

There he stands, leaning on his stick in the doorway, infinitely pleased, while Richard Pemberton, taking advantage of the transient silence, addresses his audience, with a short, neat, pithy speech and good-humouredly dismisses them.

And after another valedictory hurrah, they disperse to their homes, leaving the judge-elect and his family to seek their rest.

The young wife of O'Donovan might weep and wail, but her sorrow was nothing to the fierce, bitter, burning passion of grief and terror—the very agony of grief and tears, that fired the mother's heart and scorched up the fountain of her tears through all that live-long day and maddening night!

At the earliest hour of the morning that the prison rules would sanction the mother was at the gates waiting for admission. Nelly was with her. There could scarcely have been a greater contrast in any two human beings than in these two women, as they stood waiting at the jail gates.

Norah O'Donovan, the elder woman, was about forty years of age; but whose tall gaunt figure, dark complexion, and harshly cut features made her look full ten years older.

Her strong black hair was mixed with grey, her hollow, deep-set eyes were dark, fierce, strained, and blood-shot; her forehead was low, her nose large and aquiline, her lips thin and compressed, her chin long and slightly protruding. The chiselling of her features exhibited a great deal of grim self-reliant strength.

Ellen O'Donovan, the younger, was a mere girl, scarcely twenty years of age, whose slight figure, fair complexion, and soft delicate features made her seem still younger.

Her face, with its broad fair forehead, softly shaded by dishevelled brown curls, its raised eyebrows, and its large hazy blue eyes in their deep circular hollows, and the small quivering lips and chin, was the face of an innocent, grieved, amazed child.

Both these women were dressed in black—mourning for the elder O'Donovan.

While they waited, looking at each other in sad

silence, the artillery was fired, ushering in a day of glory for at least one man.

And on the signal, the flags of all the public buildings and the shipping were suddenly run up.

The women raised their eyes to see the national symbol of joy and triumph waving over the prisoner, the condemned, and the despairing.

But soon the gates were opened, and they presented themselves for admission.

An under-turnkey conducted them up the broad paved walk that led to the principal entrance.

The prison was a large, square, strong edifice, built of gray rock.

And even on entering the central hall they were turned sick by the closeness of the confined foul air, and they felt with a sharp pang that their beloved was suffering it all the time.

The turnkey led them down several long dark passages; into the warden's office, to get permission and the key to enter the condemned cell.

The jailor, who seemed to be a kind-hearted man, arose from his seat and came to the door to tell them that there was a clergyman with the prisoner now, and that they might go on at once to him.

And when he saw more distinctly their faces and noticed their despairing looks, he bade them, in a cheering voice:

"Oh, take heart! take heart! there are strong hopes—almost a certainty—in fact, I may as well say certainty of a pardon."

The young wife looked up with a sudden shiver of nervous joy, as this meteoric hope crossed her heart.

She could not speak, she could only wait with dilated eyes and lips apart in expectancy to hear more.

The mother raised her head, and struck her strong piercing eyes into those of the speaker, and asked:

"What authority have you for saying it?"

"Ma'am, it is generally reported and believed."

"Is that all?"

"No, ma'am; it is announced in all the papers."

"Officially?"

"Why, you see, ma'am, it is not a proper subject for an official announcement; and even if it were you know it could not be made yet awhile."

The mother clasped her hands together in speechless anguish.

"Oh, but ma'am, it is well understood by everybody, that Governor-General Peabody has passed his word to give pardon as he comes into office."

"Oh, heaven! but the time is so short and the danger so imminent," said the poor wife, wringing her hands.

The mother only firmly closed her mouth to suppress the fierce groan ready to burst from her bosom. The peril, the uncertainty, the suspense was so terrible.

She motioned to the turnkey to lead the way, and followed him along the narrow passage, up a flight of stairs, and along another dark close passage, to the criminal ward, about midway of which was situated the condemned-cell, occupied by O'Donovan. The turnkey paused before this door, opened it, and held it while the mother and wife of the convict passed in.

The convict sat upon the side of the cot, and the clergyman stood near him, as if in the act of taking his leave.

William O'Donovan, the prisoner, was very unlike his mother. He was not yet twenty-three years of age, of medium height, of slender yet elegant and firmly knit frame, of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes, and a Grecian profile.

The great charm of his presence had once been a singular grace of motion, and a sweet joyousness of expression and speech, which won all hearts that approached him.

But since he had been in prison confinement, cruel anxiety had jaded and worn him until he was extremely thin.

Yet now, as he saw his mother and his wife enter his cell, the old sweet joyousness lighted up his countenance, and burst forth in his tones, as he started to meet them, and folded them alternately to his bosom, exclaiming:

"Mother! Nelly, dear Nelly! Dearest Nelly! don't cry, darling. It is all over—the danger is all over. Don't cry so, dearest Nelly."

And his mother groaned from her bursting heart:

"My soul! my son!"

And his wife sobbed in silence on his shoulder.

CHAPTER V.

"I shall be pardoned mother! pardoned for a crime I never committed. It is, however, almost as bad as being hanged for it, only there is the hope

of my innocence being proved some day. Yes, Nelly, my little darling, the reprieve is expected this very afternoon, and then, mother," he said, standing straight, and stretching his limbs as far as the fetters would admit, and taking a long breath with an eager anticipation of relief. "then, mother, I shall leave this place! And, dear Nelly, I am free to confess that I am very tired and sick of it, indeed! Here, sit down by my side on the cot, mother, and sit you on the other side of me, dear Nelly, for I must sit down. You don't know how miserably weak this wretched place has made me!"

The prisoner sank back on his seat, and his wife and mother took their places on each side of him.

The clergyman took his hat to retire.

"Don't go, Mr. Godrich! Don't go," said William. "I beg your pardon, I—I was so glad to see my mother and Nelly, and so excited with the thoughts of the good news I had to tell them, that I entirely forgot my manners. But it is never too late to do well, until we are under the sod. Mother, this is my kind, most excellent friend, the Rev. Mr. Godrich! And, sir, this is my mother, and this is Ellen, my wife, who, you see, has cried her eyes out for nothing."

The two women arose, and the good man shook hands with them, and then would have left the family together, but the poor mother held and clasped his hands while she thanked him in a broken voice for his kindness to her son.

And William himself, lifting up his thin but joyous face, exclaimed:

"No, don't go, dear Mr. Godrich! Many and many a hopeless day and night have you stayed to share my grief—now stay to see my joy. I have nothing to say to my family, and they have nothing to say to me which you are not welcome to hear, so stay and share our reunion. I know how much pleasure it will give your kind heart! Oh! but I forget, perhaps you have some other engagement?"

"No, my son, I have no engagement pressing; yet I think it better that you should be left with your friends for a little while. I will return soon," he said, with a lingering motion of departure, for the widow still grasped his hand and looked in his face with a searching gaze.

"Is it true, sir? Can we let our hearts rest upon it—I mean the reprieve?" she asked in a low husky voice.

Mr. Godrich looked at her gravely and compassionately.

He was a mild-looking old man with a pale face and thin silvery hair. The gaze of his dim blue eyes was soft and lingering, and the tones of his voice slow and very gentle.

"Alas!" he said, "the future is always uncertain; we can only hope and trust, knowing that whatever the issue is, all is for the best, though we may not be able to see how."

The strained eyes relaxed and fell, the lips closed with a spasmodic catch, and the poor mother sank back in her chair.

"Will is innocent; you know Will is innocent," said Nelly, weeping afresh.

The good man looked pitifully at the young creature, who had involuntarily unconsciously clasped both arms around the form of her husband, and was holding him with a trembling pressure, as if to protect him. And while he was considering what to say to comfort her, the jealous mother's heart misinterpreted his silence, and she exclaimed almost threateningly:

"Sir! my son is guiltless! You know my son is guiltless."

"Of the crime imputed to him, yes; as guiltless as the angels," said the Rev. Mr. Godrich.

"And it would be murder! It would be murder—to—"

The mother could not speak the fatal word. It would have soothed her lips.

"William will be saved! He will be saved! There is not a doubt of it, sir. Is there a doubt of it?" asked the young wife, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty.

"My poor girl, try to be calm and patient for your husband's sake. It is uncertain as yet, my poor child. I should do better wrong to deceive him. It is true that a reprieve is called for by acclamation, and that the highest and most influential personages in the City will present a petition. In addition to that, my poor best efforts shall be given. I am going now to the Mansion House, and shall wait there to seize the first opportunity of obtaining an audience with the Governor-General, the new judge. I am fully convinced of William O'Donovan's innocence of the crime for which he has been condemned. I shall urge that conviction upon him with what force and earnestness I am master of, and trust in Heaven for the result."

The young woman lifted her head from her husband's shoulder, and took the hand of the good man

and pressed it to her lips in silence, and then let it fall.

But William O'Donovan, in a cheerful tone, exclaimed:

"Oh! there is no doubt of a reprieve. Every one who has visited me for a week past has assured me of it; and Mr. Thomas, the warden, showed me a paper to-day where it was announced. What makes you all look so grave? Oh! I know. Nelly always was afraid of shadows—dear Nelly is so timid! And mother has but little faith; and Mr. Godrich has but little hope! But I have courage, hope, and faith, and so am easy about to-morrow. Only I wish it were here, for I am sick of this! Never mind, dearest Nelly. By this time to-morrow we shall be far away from this hideous place; far away in the deep sweet woods on our road home. Mother!" he asked with sudden eagerness, "did you bring the donkey cart?"

"We came in it, Will."

"I am glad of that!" he exclaimed joyously, "for indeed, mother, I did not want to go by the stage coach. I know it will be full of strangers going home from the inauguration; and they might find out the poor convict and gaze him and his little wife out of countenance. And besides, the stage-route is over the dusty turnpike. Oh! yes, indeed, I am very glad you thought of bringing the cart, dear mother. Now we shall have such a delightful ride home with you, and Nelly, and baby; and we will stop at the Somerstown tavern to rest. Mother, the people of Somerstown don't think so ill of me as to think—"

"Oh! no, no, no. The family would stake their souls upon your innocence!"

"Yet still on second thoughts, mother, we will not stop at Somerstown; there might be some strangers there at this busy time, when all the country is alive, and they might recognise me. There were so many people at my trial. Oh, mother! Nelly! I thought, man as I was, that I should have died under so many pitiless eyes! But I mean to forget that. It shall pass away like a bad dream. I will never allude to it again. Mother and Nelly, after we get out of this horrid place, please never do you!"

Poor mother!

She shuddered to hear him talk so confidently. Her conscience bade her say to him:

"Oh! be not so sanguine. Give some thought to the other possibility. Prepare for the other darker doom, lest it take thee unawares!"

But how could she teach her lips to dash his hopes in this way?

She could not.

She even repressed her sighs and groans, lest they should damp his spirits.

Nelly looked from one to the other, and was fain to hope with her young husband.

"Mother," he went on, confidently. "As I do not expect a pardon till late this evening—for the judge must have time to get through his inaugural ceremonies, I wish you and Nelly to make every preparation for our early start to-morrow. Mother, you may think it childish, but I feel as if I would like to take just such a lunch, in just the way we used to when Nelly and I were girl and boy, and we used to go picnicking with you, father, and the neighbours. So, mother, just get a chicken roasted, and a beef tongue, boiled, also some biscuits and a pie. Put them all in a bag, and put in three bright cups to dip the water out of the spring. I know the place where we will stop to rest. It is that deep well in the wood—you know, Nelly—where there is a spring as cold as ice, with a gigantic elm bending over it, and a brook that sings as it runs over the gravel as clear as silver. I think I never saw gravel so silvery, or water so pure and cold, so deep as that is! I have dreamt of it at night. I have written some verses on it, too. It seems to me, that well as I loved the dell before, I never felt its beauty so deeply, I might say, so poignantly, as since I have been shut up here! Ah! you who are outside do not know how to prize your blessings! No matter how poor and despised you may be; no matter if you are a slave or a beggar, you have fresh air, sunshine, and the sight of the sky and earth, and the free use of your limbs. I think one good will come to me from my being shut up here. It is that I shall for ever more enjoy freedom and nature with a thousandfold enjoyment. Mother, we must start just at sunrise to-morrow. It is the most delightful hour for beginning a journey! Nelly, what is it that Grey says about

"Brushing with hasty steps, the dew at peep of dawn."

"Repeat it for me."

Nelly reflected a moment, then said:

"At the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

"Yes, that is it, Nelly! We, too, will meet the sun! Yes, mother, we can start at six o'clock, reach the edge of the wood by the time the sun is up, and if we take the journey easily and pleasantly, by one o'clock we can reach the dell, where we can stop and rest under the great elm by the spring. We can afford to spend an hour pleasantly there, and reach our home by six in the evening! Mother! I think I shall never dare to leave that sweet home of ours again! I will hunt, fish, plough, reap, do anything rather than leave it again. By six tomorrow evening we shall be home, that blessed home, sitting by our own hearth, caressing our own children. Ah, Nelly; why hadn't you brought little Willie?"

Poor Nelly looked distressed.

She could not tell him that little Willie lay very ill with fever, at home.

She knew not what to say.

The less scrupulous, more-devoted mother spoke, saying:

"You know we were in haste, and we could not be burdened with both children on the journey."

"Little Willie. Well, I am glad he is hearty. You told me so, Nelly, did you not?"

"I told you so, William. Yes, the child is very well; we left him in the care of Aunt Marion. You know he could not be bettered."

"No, indeed! But how is poor Aunt Marion?"

"Very well and very anxious to see you."

"Oh, I know she will be glad to see me. I fancy how she will put her apron up to her eyes and cry. She never believed me guilty!"

"No, indeed; if you were to hear her hard wishes on the judge and jury," said Nelly.

All fell suddenly silent now, oppressed by the memory of that awful judge and jury.

William recovered himself first.

"Mother, you must buy a new gown for Aunt Marion. Stay, what colour does she like best? Oh, violet—buy her a violet merino, and I forgot, you will want some money for your preparations to-day," he said, getting up and closing his cell.

He took from the drawer a small roll of bank-notes, handed them to his mother, and sat down again by the side of the cot, his wife and mother on either side of him, and smiling, began to talk again of the next day's return home.

How delightful it would be, how happy they should all be at home.

Then he spoke of Willie, his two year old son, and of his little six months' daughter.

"You must bring her to see me this afternoon, Nelly. I can't wait till to-morrow to see her. Why didn't you bring her with you this morning?" he said.

"The little creature has had a very fatiguing journey; she was sound asleep when we left her," said Nelly. "But you shall have her this afternoon."

While she spoke the great clock of the prison struck twelve.

The mother and daughter rose to go.

"You are not going to leave me so soon?" asked William, in surprise.

"Yes, dear William, we must go; we have been away from the poor child since six o'clock this morning."

"Who did you leave her with?"

"Only with the maid-servant."

"And you've been here since six o'clock! It doesn't seem to me so long."

"We spent more than an hour waiting for the gates to be opened."

"And yet you've been here with me more than four hours. It does not seem like one hour. Can't you stay a little while longer. Just a little."

Nelly looked distressed.

Between her feelings as wife and mother she found it hard to decide.

The elder woman came to her assistance, saying:

"Mother's love is the strongest in the world! Nelly, go back to your child, and I will remain here with mine."

"Will that content you, Willie?" asked Nelly, hesitating.

"Yes; oh, yes; go back to the poor baby, Nelly. But mind; bring her to me this afternoon."

"Yes, I will," said Nelly, tying her bonnet, and stooping down to receive his parting kiss.

And then she left the cell.

When the son and mother were left alone together, the former inquired:

"Did not the Rev. Mr. Godrich promise to return again this afternoon?"

"Oh, certainly he promised to be back soon. But really I did not expect to see him until this evening. I have no doubt that he will not return until the reprieve is made out and signed. I firmly believe that the judge will confide its delivery to Mr. Godrich himself. As indeed who so proper to be the

messenger of pardon—he who is the messenger of Heaven—pardon to sinful man? Therefore it is that I do not look for Mr. Godrich until near night, for as I said before, the judge has his honours and his dinner to get through with and digest."

The mother remained some time after this with her son.

Indeed she was not in the least hurry to depart.

William O'Donovan's dinner was brought in. And William ate, talking gaily all through the meal.

Norah forced herself to eat, lest her failing to do so might distress him.

At last the meal came to an end, and the turnkey piled the empty dishes upon a tray, and took them away.

The cell door was again locked on the outside.

The retreating steps of the official died away in the distance.

The mother and son felt themselves once more alone.

"It is such a rare looking that door now, when they know that in a few hours I shall be free to walk out of it," said William, laughing.

His mother did not laugh, but feeling constrained to say something lest her trouble should be observed:

"It is a form you know, dear."

"Yes, yes. Well I suppose we must bear with it an hour or so longer."

An hour passed on, and then lifting his head, he asked:

"Isn't it time for Nelly to be back?"

"Hardly, my son; the way is long and the child is heavy."

The young man soon began to betray signs of such debility, that his mother spoke to him and tried to prevail on him to lie down.

At first he resisted her persuasions, declaring that he felt very well, and could not rest till the return of Mr. Godrich, and that he felt as if he never could lie down again on that cot in that cell.

At last, however, wearied out by debility, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and laid himself down upon the prison cot, laughing, and saying:

"That it did not matter, as it was the last time."

Soon worn out by excitement, his eyelids drooped and drooped, then fell, and sealed themselves in sleep.

But he started quickly out of his slumber, and asked:

"Mother, has Nelly not come yet? What o'clock is it?"

"Four, dear. She'll not be here for an hour yet?"

And his eyelids drooped again, and closed in sleep.

Soon starting out of this, he exclaimed:

"Mother, if she should come while I am asleep, wake me up, will you?"

"Yes, my dear Will."

Onee more his heavy eyelids sank upon his heavy eyes, and he drooped into a deep sleep, from which he did not start again.

Norah sat and watched him. Never before had the change in his countenance been so manifest.

She smothered a sob, to see the pale, thin face, with its hollow and sunken eyes—the pale, pale face—

That did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair.

She sat and watched until five o'clock. And then the approach of steps fell upon her ear. The key was turned in the lock, and the cell door thrown open to admit Nelly, who entered, bringing her infant.

Norah arose softly, placed her fingers on her lips, and pointed to the sleeper.

Nelly entered quietly, and came and sat down on the foot of the cot.

But at the same time, while Nelly's back was turned towards him, the turnkey telegraphed to Norah to come out.

With a sinking heart the mother arose, and without a sign or word to Nelly, left the cell.

The turnkey locked it, and beckoned her to follow him, saying, as they went down the lobby:

"Mr. Godrich is waiting in the warders' room to see you."

With trembling limbs, scarcely able to bear up her tottering form, Norah followed her conductor down the stairs and through the long passages leading to the prison office.

He opened the door, and held it open for her to go in.

There were but two persons, the warden and the Rev. Mr. Godrich.

The kind-hearted warden looked grave, and Mr. Godrich sorrowful.

On meeting their looks, Norah reeled on her feet, and must have fallen, but for her almost superhuman effort of self-command.

The good man came to her, led her to a chair, and seated her.

She looked up in his face, and read doom there.

(To be continued.)

WHAT KIND OF BARNS.

This old method of making hay was to let it lay out several days, and keep it continually stirring until it was thoroughly dry, and had more the semblance of chips than grass.

The improved practice is to cut with a machine, ted it a few times, and draw it to the barn the same day.

If such wilted grass is not allowed to get wet, it is found to quite as well as the former dried hay; especially is this the case where the barns are comparatively tight.

Recent experiments are reported, in which the freshly cut grass—cut after the dew was off—was allowed the sun but a couple of hours, during which the tedder went over it once, and was then raked up and housed in a building, clap-boarded, tight beneath, plastered inside, and with slight ventilation, which was at once closed tight and not opened till winter, when the grass came out as fresh and bright as the day it was put in.

A farmer on the Berkshire Hills had a short hay crop, which he determined to make go as far as possible.

His barn was well sheathed, without cracks. The hay was all cut early, just before blooming, and housed the same day as cut.

While carting the hay, the barn doors were kept closed, save to admit the teams, which were unloaded with the doors shut.

Access of air was prevented so far as possible thereafter. The hay was closely packed in the mows.

The testimony of the farmer and all his neighbours is that this crop of hay was brighter and fresher the next winter, and was more nutritious—the cattle eating less of it—than any previous crop.

We might cite numerous similar examples. There is nothing in this contrary to science or sense. The overheating of hay will only take place by the action of the oxygen of the air in the presence of moisture. Remove either and the heating will not occur. Remove the moisture and the grass becomes dry hay, less digestible, and minus some of its nutritive and aromatic qualities.

It is better economy to keep out excess of oxygen, and have cured grass for fodder.

There is a great saving of labour, too, in housing hay the same day as cut, which of itself is a strong argument for the system.

Every wetting by dew, every hour's sun after the grass is wilted, lessens the value of the fodder.

We can take advantage of the idea by providing tight barns, and keeping them closed until the hay has gone through its "sweat," which is a slight fermentation, which drives off excess of moisture without injury to the hay, if excess of oxygen is not permitted in the meantime.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

A DIGNITARY of the Church of England, of rank and reputation, furnishes us with the following remarkable dream, which occurred to himself.

"My brother had left London for the country to preach and speak on behalf of a certain church society, to whom he was officially attached.

"He was in his usual health, and I was therefore in no special anxiety about him.

"One night my wife woke me, finding that I was sobbing in my sleep, and asked me what it was. I said,

"I have been to a strange place in my dream. It was a small village, and I went up to the door of an inn. A stout woman came to the door.

"I said to her,

"Is my brother here?"

"She said,

"No, sir, he is gone."

"Is his wife here?" I went on to inquire.

"No, sir—but his widow is."

"Then the distressing thought came upon me that my brother was dead; and I awoke sobbing.

A few days after I was summoned suddenly into the country.

"My brother, returning from Huntingdon, had been attacked with angina pectoris; and the pain was so intense that they left him at Caxton—a small village in the diocese of Ely—to which place on the following day he summoned his wife; and the next day, while they were seated together, she heard a sigh and he was gone.

When I reached Caxton, it was the very same village to which I had gone in my dream.

"I went to the same house, was met and let in by the same woman, and found my brother dead, and his widow there."

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MAYA'S Retirement behind the curtains passed unnoticed.

She had watched the scene with increasing anger and jealousy.

She had begun to fear lest Sinda should send away Mrs. Biggs without unfolding the real cause of the woman's summons to Belle Isle.

All her long hatred of the young ex-Begum swelled within her to a wild fury.

Her desire to humiliate the girl whose beauty, grace, and sweetness were so infinitely greater than her own, who had always been exalted above her, whom Elliot had loved and the earl had admired, to whom even Wolsey Bathurst had paid homage, overcame her prudence, her caution, her self-guardedness, and she came gliding forward, her fringe of hair concealing her forehead, her eyes glittering, her face actually colourless with excess of emotion and bitter, furious passion.

"Woman!" she cried, in a voice whose silvery sweetness rang through the room, startling every hearer, "have you not guessed the happy truth? Your child was saved by a Sepoy! She sits there in that chair, eager to embrace you!"

And Maya pointed with one stumpy, jewelled finger at Sinda.

"There she is, madam—there she is—your long lost child!"

The words of Maya had the effect of a thunderbolt launched from a clear sky.

Every one turned and stared at her amazed.

She looked innocent and childlike, soft and sweet, as if her eagerness and impetuosity, her intense sympathy with Mrs. Biggs and Sinda, had carried her out of herself.

The earl frowned. But how could he be angry with a butterfly sort of creature like this, who seemed as heedless as the birds, as shallow as the shining summer brook, as innocent as a little child?

Mrs. Biggs stared at Maya, dumb, astounded, and with a bewildered look.

She beheld only a vision of fair hair and soft, drooping face, and a blue tulle dress sown with tiny golden stars.

And before she could study Maya's features, or command her own emotions, or recover even a portion of her self-possession, pretty Maya had glided towards the earl and hid her face upon his shoulder as if shocked at her own temerity, and frightened at the attention she had drawn upon herself.

The earl uttered no reproof, but drew Maya to his side, while his stern face grew sterner still under the pressure of his anxiety for Sinda.

"What does her ladyship mean?" asked Mrs. Biggs at last, perplexed and incredulous. "Is my child alive? Why, it is impossible!"

"Not impossible, madam," said the earl, gravely. "A child was rescued from the barracks at Sawpunt, after the massacre, by a Sepoy. This child was a girl seven years old. Let me read you a letter written by that Sepoy recently."

Sinda drew the letter from her pocket and handed it to Lord Tregaron.

He read it aloud. It was clear and circumstantial, narrating in all its details the discovery by Topee of a child at Sawpunt barracks after the massacre in 1857, detailing the manner in which the child was dressed, and describing even the coarse cotton handkerchief, marked with the name of Rhoda Biggs, which was tied about the child's neck.

The story of Topee and Mrs. Biggs fitted each other with singular precision.

It was impossible to doubt that Mrs. Biggs had lost a child at Sawpunt in the time and manner related, and as impossible to doubt that Topee had rescued that child and taken it away with him.

The woman's red and flabby visage grew yet more fiery.

Her bleared eyes shone with new lustre and animation.

Her stumpy fingers crooked themselves into the semblance of hooks, and she waved herself to and fro upon her chair in a great agitation.

"I can't believe it, I can't!" she cried. "My lad, it's too good to be true. My Rhody alive! The little gal as I calculated'd make a bally dancer and take care of her ma. Brought up in Ingby by a Sepoy? What'll Simon say to that? Where is she?"

Mrs. Biggs was yet too dazed to take in the full meaning of Maya's words; but her gaze instinctively turned to Sinda, whom Maya had pointed out to her as her offspring.

Sinda arose and advanced a few steps.

Her face had never been more noble than it was now; never had it been sweeter.

It required an actual heroism in that lovely, high-bred girl to stand up before her lover and her friends and acknowledge this woman as her mother; but Sinda was a brave young creature, and did not falter in her duty.

After Maya's words, a denial of Mrs. Biggs would have been impossible; but Sinda's acceptance of her was gracious if not tender, kind if not loving.

"I am the child of whom Topee speaks in that letter," she said, gently.

"You, my laddy, you?"

"Yes, I—"

"Hold!" said Lord Tregaron. "Mrs. Biggs, I am convinced that there is still some mistake. The relationship between you and this young lady cannot be that of mother and child. I refuse to believe it. Is there no mark upon your child, Mrs. Biggs, by which you might recognise her and prove her identity? Is there no especial feature of hers which you remember above the others?"

"She had no mark on her," declared Mrs. Biggs, still wondering, regarding Sinda half in awe, half in greedy delight. "She had no special features, except her yellow hair and fair skin."

"Sinda," said the earl, "you were seven years old when you were stolen. Surely you must remember your mother?"

Sinda shook her head, mute and sorrowful.

"My own Katharine remembers so perfectly her early years," said the earl. "Can you not recall the face of Mrs. Biggs? Can you remember any face you knew before the mutiny?"

Sinda put her hand to her forehead in a way that touched the earl and Elliot to the heart.

"I cannot remember," she said. "It is all a blank."

"The face of this woman does not stir your soul, then, Sinda?"

"No! no! no! I seem to be on the point of remembering," cried Sinda. "If I had but a clue. But her face does not afford the clue I want," and a distressful look came into her dusky eyes, and a piteous smile crept upon her trembling lips.

By this time Mrs. Biggs had taken in the full meaning of the scene.

She had recovered from her bewilderment, and, while half-shocked at her own audacity, had arrived at a full comprehension of Maya's words and Sinda's avowal.

"So this fine young lady is my Rhody!" she cried out. "Why, Rhody, don't you know your ma?"

She rushed forward, with her brawny arms extended, and caught Sinda in a fierce embrace.

The girl presently effected her release.

Mrs. Biggs was then volatile in her interrogatories and loud in her praises.

"Ain't married, I hope, Rhody?" she exclaimed.

"Though if you ain't, 'ain't for want of a chance, is it? These here young gentlemen look sweet on you, Rhody. I saw that the minute I came in. And you're in a lord's house quite familiar, and as thick with a lord's daughter as peas in a pod! I can hardly believe my senses, though I allers knew you was uncommon, if you was my child. Why, you don't look a bit glad you've found me, Rhody. And after advertising for me and all. I hope you ain't ashamed of your own ma!"

"The agitation is too much for Miss Sinda," said the earl.

"For who? Cinder? Do you call Rhody Cinder? Laws, that's a heathenish sort of name, now!" observed Mrs. Biggs. "Rhody is a great deal better. And you hain't really kissed me, Rhody! You look the lady to a T, my dear. Them clothes must a cost a pretty penny," she added, admiringly.

"Please be seated again, madam," said the earl. "It appears that Miss Sinda is your daughter. I desire to keep her as a companion to the Lady Katharine Elliot, my only child, and I will pay you, upon Miss Sinda's behalf, a yearly amount sufficient for your

maintenance. This upon condition that you go away and leave your daughter to my guardianship, and do not visit or seek to molest her."

"An annuity, eh? Has Rhoda got money?"

"A little," replied Lord Tregaron, hastily, reading the woman's cupidity and avarice in her eyes. "She will provide for you handsomely, madam."

"If my daughter has got money, my lad, I am the proper guardian of the money and of her too!" cried Mrs. Biggs. "She hain't but twenty yet, I'd have her remember. I shan't make no terms to leave her and one penny of her money here, my lad. I'll go to law first, that I will!"

"The money was derived from the sale of a diamond or two which had been given to her in India," said the earl. "She will give you this sum, or what remains of it, if you will go away and leave her in peace here."

"A pretty way of talking to her own mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Biggs. "I don't choose to have my child living in a style like this while I am only a nobody. I hain't seen her in years, too, my lad, and in spite of her fine clothes and jewels she's my child, and I want to take her away with me. I want Simon to see her. The long and the short of it is, she will go away from here with me. After a little, I may let her come back. Just now I want to get acquainted with her!"

"It is impossible," said Sinda, coldly. "Whether I remain here or not, I cannot go with you!"

"That's pretty talk to your own ma!" said Mrs. Biggs, indignantly. "You'll find, Rhody, that the law gives a parent custody of a child who is under age."

"Let the matter remain in abeyance until morning," said the earl, seeing that Sinda could bear no more. "You shall be shown to your own room, Mrs. Biggs, and in the morning we will discuss Miss Sinda's future."

He rang the bell and a servant appeared.

His lordship then sent a request to the lady-housekeeper desiring her presence in the drawing-room.

She appeared, and Mrs. Biggs was consigned to her care.

At the same moment dinner was announced.

Mrs. Biggs followed the housekeeper into the hall. The latter, as has been said, was a lady by birth and breeding, and the task of entertaining this coarse and ignorant creature could not have been other than very distasteful to her.

Yet not in her looks or manner was the fact perceptible.

She paused to give some directions to a servant in regard to a room, and then led the way up the grand staircase.

Mrs. Biggs followed her in a lumbering fashion.

In the upper hall Mrs. Biggs halted, hearing the rustling of drapery below, and peered over the balusters.

Lord Tregaron was leading the way to the dining-room, and Sinda leaned upon his arm.

Close behind them were Maya and Elliot, with Bathurst in the rear.

The blear-eyed woman watched Maya as if fascinated.

"Who is she?" she whispered, clutching the housekeeper's arm. "Is that the girl I saw along o' Rhody? Who is she?"

"That is Lady Katharine Elliot," was the response. "She is Lord Tregaron's daughter."

Mrs. Biggs watched Maya out of sight down the long hall, standing as in a trance, her red and flabby visage a curious study.

"Seems somehow as if I'd seen her afore," she muttered. "I'll take a longer look at her in the mornin'."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

It is needless to say that Sinda regretted with all her soul the fatal advertisement that had brought down upon her this nightmare of a woman, from whom she shrank with loathing.

She would have declined going out to dinner but that she shrank from drawing further attention upon herself after the interview with Mrs. Biggs. But she could eat little, and was very silent, starting if a word were addressed to her with any degree of abruptness, yet concealing her distress as well as possible that she might not throw a gloom upon her companions.

Yet every one felt depressed except Maya. She chatted after her usual childlike, heedless fashion, and the long dinner hour wore away, and every one experienced a sense of relief when the signal was given for the return to the drawing-room. The gentlemen did not linger over their wine, but accompanied the young ladies. It was impossible to shake off the sense of gloom that hung heavily upon all hearts except

one, yet Sinda kept up a brave exterior, trying hard to conceal the vulture-pain gnawing at her heart.

"Another lovely night!" cried Maya, parting the curtains and looking out. "Let us have another stroll in the moonlight, Sinda. It may be our last together, you know."

"Why the last?" asked the earl, a little sharply.

"Why you know, papa," cried Maya, with her oft and innocent seeming, and with a childish wonder in her light-blue eyes, "Sinda's mother is determined to take her away with her, and, of course, she has the right to do so, and so—and so."

The earl turned impatiently aside. For the first time Maya's voice sounded gratingly upon his ears; for the first time those silvery tones were unpleasant to him.

"Let us have the ramble by moonlight," said Elliot. "Such a perfect night as this should not be spent indoors."

The proposition met with general favour.

Wraps were ordered, and the little party stepped out of the drawing-room windows upon the terrace. Maya clung to Lord Tregaron's arm. Bathurst walked at her other side, and Sinda and Elliot wandered away towards the bridge spanning the river, connecting the island with the great park.

The lovers were silent until they reached the bridge.

Sinda paused, leaning upon the low marble balustrade, and looking down upon the waters, shadowed by banded trees, but flecked with frequent splashes of light.

"Armand," she asked, suddenly, her low, sweet voice strained and broken, "is it true? Has that woman power to take me away with her?"

"If she is your mother, Sinda, I fear that she has," answered Elliot, gravely.

The girl wrung her little, jewelled hands in a passionate grief.

"What shall I do, Armand?" she cried. "Heaven forgive me, but I loathe the sight of her! My mother? She? Oh, if you knew the bright ideal I have cherished all these years! The gentle lady I have pictured as my mother! And to find that my mother is a creature like this? I cannot bear it—I cannot!"

"My darling," exclaimed Elliot, with an infinite tenderness, drawing her close to him, so that her head fell upon his shoulder, "I understand all your grief in discovering that this person is your mother. But let me comfort you. We will set her authority at defiance. We will induce her to emigrate to one of the colonies. Trust in me, and all will yet be well."

"But what can you do? Oh, Armand, how can you free me from her?"

"Do you not guess? You have promised to be my wife, Sinda. We will hasten our marriage—"

"No, no, interrupted Sinda, shuddering. "You must not tempt me, Armand. If this woman is so distasteful to me, her own child, what must she be to you, a high-born gentleman? Do you not see that our marriage is out of the question?" and her low voice rang sharp with her agony. "I can never give to you a mother-in-law like Mrs. Biggs!"

The scorn that rang through the words was indescribably bitter. She tried to draw herself from Elliot's clasp, but he held her fast.

"I shall not let you go," he said, a passionate love expressed in his tones, and his close grasp upon her. "I love you, Sinda, and I shall keep you, in spite of Mrs. Biggs and all the world. You have promised to be my wife; I hold you to that promise. Marry me to-morrow, and this trouble will be ended."

"Our marriage will be—but the beginning of trouble to you, Armand," exclaimed the girl, passionately. "Do you think that because I was brought up in India, that I do not know what an unequal marriage in England means? Do you think I don't know that the laws of caste in England are scarcely less rigid than in India? I have read many English books—Mr. Hudspeth has told me. You will be a lord, while I am born little better than a pariah. Shall I take advantage of a generosity that you may repent? Hush, dear, let me speak. That woman—I am sure that she drinks! She is of the lowest class. If she were respectable, sober, anything but what she is, I might respect and even love her. Being what she is, what must her son be? Vile, bad, perhaps a criminal. Armand, I am of these people, although not like them. But I should be base indeed to suffer you to take a wife out of such a family. I give you back your troth. I cannot marry you!"

"Sinda, this is madness. What do I care for Mrs. Biggs or her son? I will send them away from England—"

"They will come back. They will prey upon you like vampires. No, no, Armand, I know that I am right. It wrings my heart to give you up—surely I may say that now—but I will never marry you."

She drew herself from him by a quick and sudden movement and stood before him, her cream-tinted face grown deathly in its pallor, and her gray eyes dusky with her anguish and despair. Elliot pleaded to her, but in vain. She was firm as a rock in her adhesion to her convictions of right, but how much her decision cost her was shown in her features and in her attitude.

They were standing thus, Elliot in an agony of entreaty, when Lord Tregaron, Maya, and Bathurst came up. As they stepped upon the bridge, Sinda looked towards them, trying to control her features, which, in spite of her heroic resolution, wore a pitiful expression.

"My lord," said Elliot, appealing to the earl, "help me to influence Sinda. She has broken our engagement. She refuses to keep her promise to marry me!"

"Am I not right, my lord?" asked Sinda, brokenly. "You have seen Mrs. Biggs? You can guess what her son is? Can I ally your heir to such as they?"

Lord Tregaron winced.

"Do not appeal to me, Elliot," he said, in a troubled voice. "You must decide between you, you and Sinda!"

"He is so generous," said Sinda, still more brokenly. "He would take me in spite of all, if I would allow him. But I know that people would sneer at his wife's origin if I were to marry him; I know that years hence he might regret his generosity, and I cannot, and I will not, take advantage of it!"

"Sinda is right!" exclaimed Maya. "She is right, papa, and you know it. I am only a foolish little thing, but even I can see plainly enough that Mrs. Biggs' daughter would not do at all for a Countess of Tregaron. Forgive me, Sinda, darling, but as you have said the same yourself you know that this is true."

Maya looked deprecatingly from the earl to Sinda and back again, as if quite shocked at having been betrayed into so plain an expression of her sentiments.

"It is true!" said Sinda, her head drooping.

"I would rather give up everything, wealth, expectations, friends, country, all, so that I keep you, Sinda," cried Elliot, ardently, "for you are more to me than all of these."

Sinda did not answer.

"Miss Sinda is very noble," remarked Wolsey Bathurst. "It is hard, Elliot, but I fear that she is right."

"If she is my mother," said Sinda, still with drooping head and despairing attitude, "and I cannot doubt that she is, I owe her obedience, according to the laws of this country and the law of Heaven. And so—when she goes in the morning—I must go with her!"

"No, no, I shall not let you go, Sinda," cried Elliot. "You belong to me, in spite of all you have declared. I would not let you go away with that woman; no, not if she were a thousand times your mother. Sinda, do not be quixotic. Hearken to me, Lord Tregaron. My lord, urge her to stay. Tell her that she shall not go."

"What authority have I to tell her that, Armand?" exclaimed the earl. "Sinda, I entreat you to reconsider your decision. This woman is no fitting protector for you. She will take you to her low haunts, and to her miserable associates."

"A mother's presence should be her daughter's safeguard, my lord," said Sinda.

"We can buy her off, my child, and keep you here with us, as Katharine's sister and cherished friend."

"But my lord, will you ever forget, shall I ever forget, that I am that woman's child?" asked Sinda. "I am of her blood. She intended me for a ballet-dancer. She has a mother's claim upon me. I am proud, my lord, too proud to accept your hospitality now that I know my real position in society and the world. I am too proud to remain as Maya's sister now that I am proven to be so far beneath her. Why, even her maid is my superior, for her mother was doubtless a sober woman. My pride is a part of myself, it is born in me, and it will not permit me to stay here longer. Why, you would grow to despise me, my lord, if I should remain here and play the lady, as you ask me to do."

She raised her eyes to his, her grand and desolate eyes, and the earl staggered back a pace, wondering anew where he had seen those eyes before. An anguished soul, tortured to the last extremity, looked out of those stormy depths, and the earl's heart ached for her, as did that of her lover.

"If you would only let me shield you, darling," entreated Elliot. "Your burdens should be laid on my broad shoulders. Sinda, if you love me, give up your will to mine."

"If I love you!"

The grand and desolate eyes were turned upon Elliot now in an intensity of grief that frightened him.

"I am sure," said Maya, in her silvery accents, "that if my dear mamma were living I would go with her wherever she might go, whether she were wise or ignorant, handsome or ugly. Mrs. Biggs is Sinda's mother, and she has a right to her. Sinda was always talking of making the Kalsar people better and more enlightened. They were no relation to her, they were many of them low and degraded, but she loved them. Now I am only a foolish little thing, but I think that Sinda is what she is, because she has been educated and all that. Papa, don't interrupt me, please! And I think, if Sinda is in earnest about reforming people and making them better, why here's a chance to show it! She might make a decent sort of person out of Mrs. Biggs, if she were to devote herself to the task."

Sinda did not wince under the covert sneer.

"It may be that I have a duty to perform towards Mrs. Biggs," she said, calmly. "If I have, I hope to have strength to go through with it."

"You can have no duty towards that besotted old creature who selfishly abandoned you in your helpless childhood to secure her own safety," cried Elliot, warmly. "It is too late to reform or change her. You are refined, educated, a true lady. Why consider this martyrdom even possible?"

Sinda's hands twisted themselves together nervously, but she did not trust her voice to speak.

"Sinda is worn out," said Lord Tregaron, with a yearning tenderness for this lovely girl for which he could not account; "give her time for consideration, Armand. You may be sure that she will do what she thinks right. In the morning, we will come to some arrangement with Mrs. Biggs, and send her away. Sinda will be reasonable. My poor child, my heart aches for you."

He bent and kissed her with a fatherly tenderness that brought a frown to Maya's pretty pink and white face, and a jealous anger to her pale-blue eyes.

"Come, let us go back to the house, papa," she said. "I am absolutely shivering. Even this August night seems to me chilly after India!"

The earl turned at her solicitation, gave her his arm, and moved with her towards the castle. Elliot would have lingered, but Sinda moved forward also, and Bathurst walked at her side.

"I will talk to her in the morning," thought Elliot. "She will surely hearken to reason. She will not resist my pleadings. She cannot give me up, if she loves me!"

They returned to the drawing-room, and soon afterward Sinda, pleading headache, retired to her own apartments in the East Tower.

Her head ached and her heart ached. Entering her sitting room, she flung herself upon a couch and gave way unrestrained to the grief she had so sternly repressed during the evening. Her great flood of anguish overleaped all barriers, and she wept, and sobbed, and moaned in her awful despair.

For to Sinda her life, with all the glorious hopes and sweet possibilities it had held for her, had come to an end.

Before her seemed to stretch a barren and terrible existence from which relief could only come by death.

For her there was to be no love, no friendship, only the loathsome companionship of this woman she had accepted as her mother.

She grieved as deeply too for the destruction of her bright ideal, for the mother of her dreams, the soft-voiced lady whom she had expected to find in Mrs. Biggs, but who, it appeared, was but a myth, a phantom.

Her grief had spent its first force when old Fallsa came out of the dressing-room adjoining, and knelt down beside her and gathered her up in her arms with a worshipping affection, a tender sympathy, that was like balm to her wounds.

"My poor missy! My sweet lamb!" said the Hindoo woman, softly. "Don't cry so. Fallsa knows all about it. Fallsa has seen Missy Biggs—old horrid! Hush, my sweet!"

The girl had felt herself alone in the world, and utterly desolate.

But she had her dear old nurse left, the nurse of her early childhood, and she flung her arms around her neck, and clung to her as a drowning person clings to a spar.

"Missy Biggs been to door," continued old Fallsa, drawing the sunny little head to her own broad bosom. "She say many things. She's missy's mother—she! She have the law; she take missy away from this place in the morning. But missy will not go?"

"How can I help myself, Fallsa? I might perhaps buy her off—but as she has a right to my money as well as to me, that is not probable," said the girl, bitterly.

"Has she right to missy's jewels?"

"Yes, to all I have."

The Hindoo woman looked shocked. She knew

that her young mistress possessed a princely fortune in her bag of precious stones brought from Khaosar, and to be obliged to render it up to Mrs. Biggs seemed to her even worse than to be obliged to acknowledge the woman as a parent. Her dark face clouded over, and a curious expression appeared upon her Eastern visage.

"Wherever you go, missy, I shall go," she exclaimed. "Missy Biggs never get rid of old Falla—never."

"Never," echoed Sinda. "You shall share my lot, Falla, whatever it is."

The door of the parlour opened softly, and Maya's curly head was thrust into the room.

"May I come in?" she asked, in her silvery voice, but entering without waiting for an answer. "I must see you for a few moments, Sinda, to tell you how sorry I am for you."

She glided in, in a white cashmere wrapper, her feet encased in white kid slippers, her flaxen hair dishevelled, her pink and white prettiness enhanced by soft ruches and frills, her pale blue eyes full of cold cunning and curiosity, and with not a trace of regret or sympathy upon her features.

Old Falla beat a retreat to the dressing-room. She did not like Maya, and she muttered to herself something about a "snake" as she retired.

Sinda half rose.

In the soft radiance of the wax-lights the traces of her emotion were plainly seen.

"I've been talking with papa over this unfortunate affair," said Maya, softly. "And he feels so sorry, Sinda! Why didn't you take his advice and let your relations remain in obscurity? For papa says now that you are right in giving up Armand Elliot. He thinks you noble, and all that sort of thing, but he says that it is impossible that Armand should marry a daughter of that odious Mrs. Biggs!"

A quick flush leaped to Sinda's cheeks and burned there like fire, but she made no answer.

"You see, Sinda," continued Maya, "that papa looks upon Armand as upon a son, and he wants him to marry a lady, a person who would not be out of place as mistress of Belle Isle. He told Armand so; but Elliot, you know, thinks so much of honour, and he will keep his word to you at whatever cost to himself. He thinks it hard for you that you should belong to such a family, and he will not desert you in your trouble, Sinda, you may be sure of that. He will keep his promise to you—he will even urge you to marry him, feeling in honour bound to do so—although he feels the disgrace of such an alliance as keenly as any one can."

A haughty light sprang to Sinda's eyes.

"Did Mr. Elliot ask you to tell me this, Maya?" she asked, coldly.

"He? Oh, no. He means to keep his word to you, Sinda. He asked you to marry him before he knew about Mrs. Biggs, and he would deem it dishonourable to turn his back on you now. But it is very hard upon him. You noticed that papa said very little at the bridge this evening. The truth is, he looks upon Armand's marriage with Mrs. Biggs' daughter as a horrible sacrifice on Armand's part. Do you know that papa does not consider you a fitting associate for me now?" continued Maya, plaintively. "And I am so sorry, I can't see that the discovery of Mrs. Biggs can make any difference in you, dear, but papa talks about the transmission of qualities and traits, and about blood and all that sort of thing, just as if he thought you must be like that horrid creature because she is your mother. I am sure that I would like to have you remain here, Sinda—"

"But Lord Tregarren prefers that I should go?" interposed Sinda, calmly.

"I did not say that!" cried Maya, with a pretended alarm. "I did not mean to betray—papa cautioned me—oh, I'm such a foolish little thing, Sinda, just a little blundering creature, am I not? Don't look so haughty, dear. Don't be so angry with me. I know you are angry, but you are not a great Begum any longer, and 'there's none so poor as to do you reverence' now. I mean that in England's washerwoman's daughter sinks to a lower sphere, and that my maid would disdain to associate with you now. Odd, isn't it, dear?"

Maya's manner was artless, but her words planted a dozen stings in Sinda's proud breast, just as Maya had intended they should.

"I am going away in the morning, Maya," said the young ex-Begum, haughtily. "You will not be obliged to suffer the contamination of my presence!"

Did you think I felt your presence contaminating, Sinda? Oh, no no. It was papa who said—but how did you guess anyone thought that?" demanded Maya. "You are very keen, Sinda, are you not? I shall be sorry to lose you. You were very kind to me out in India, and when I thought you

well-born I esteemed you as a sister. I did indeed! But you are wise enough to see that we are not equals, and that I could not introduce you into society, and that your presence here is painful to us all. I knew you would see the matter in this light, Sinda, and I knew that you would not stay longer in a household where even the servants must look down upon you—"

"Stop!" commanded Sinda, proudly. "You shall not talk to me like this, Maya. I am the same I have always been. The discovery that Mrs. Biggs is my mother does not render me low or base!"

"Does it not? You don't know the world yet, Sinda," said Maya, with an superior air. "You say that I must not talk to you like this. I shall talk to you just as I please. I am the mistress of this castle. And what are you? A low-born creature on sufferance here! You force the truth out of my mouth! Do not put on Begum airs to me! You will go in the morning—that is well. We expected nothing less, although papa and Armand will endeavour, for the sake of pity and the world's comments, to make terms with your mother. You have too much sense to think of remaining here, but—and this is what I came to say—if I can do anything for you at any time," and Maya assumed the air of a patroness, "I desire you to let me know. Anything that I can do for you, I shall be happy to do!"

Sinda's face had grown cold and haughty; new her features quivered, and she looked at Maya in a wonder beyond expression.

The two had been like sisters since her earliest remembrance.

She had never had a joy unshared with Maya. She had loaded her with gifts and favours; she had loved her in spite of Maya's selfishness and cruel nature; and Maya's heartlessness, therefore, wounded her to the soul.

"Maya!" she said, with a great entreaty. "How can you speak to me like this?"

Maya's soft mouth curled in a savage sneer.

"I have offered you assistance, if you should require it," she replied. "Is that wrong? I am sorry for your fall in rank to your original level. Does that grieve you? You are too sensitive, Sinda. You must get used to your new relations. And now I must leave you. I could not rest until I had seen you to assure you of my sympathy. We have been many years together, but we part in the morning, never to meet again as social equals. Hereafter you will be good enough to drop the name of Maya in speaking of me, and call me Lady Katharine Elliot. Good night, Sinda."

She arose and moved slowly towards the door.

"Do we part like this, Maya?" asked Sinda.

Maya laughed.

"I do not care for sentiment," she answered. "I hate tears. But if you wish to give me a parting keepsake, Sinda," and her pretty face grew suddenly sharp and avaricious, "give me that set of immense diamonds that old Begum gave you—the set known as the Little Suns. Will you, Sinda? You have always pretended to think so much of me, and that set would make me envied by every lady in England."

"It was the old Begum's gift to me. I cannot part with it."

"I would pay you for it," cried Maya, in a disappointed tone.

"I will not sell it."

(To be Continued.)

A WORD IN DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Men too often malign women in accusing them of extravagance in dress. Generalising is always dangerous, and particularly so, when women are concerned.

The masses of women are not spendthrifts; any sane man will admit that as a rule women are not even extravagant. They have certain pet theories regarding dress which if not admirable are nevertheless not of sufficient importance to warrant a libel to be written against them.

The truth is that women are not, nor ever have been, as a sex, extravagant; on the contrary, they are economical many times to penuriousness. They have no income of their own, and the money given them by their husbands is always for family expenses, and goes to the purchase of wearing apparel and household goods, and the little that is left is often less than many men imagine.

The trouble is that women buy for show when they do buy, and they do their shopping in such an elaborate and deliberate way that lookers-on are deceived.

Then again women buy only costly articles, those that will be seen to advantage. Hats and gloves they spend money on; so also on trimmings or ornaments,

but very seldom do women wear as costly or as valuable clothing as men.

Their costumes are more showy and varied, more perishable and cost less than the suits or garments of men.

Women have many weaknesses which can be used against them, but they are not more numerous than those of men, nor are their habits half so expensive. They wear more fancy trifles; pay more for ribbons, and laces, and "gew-gaws," than men do for their articles of adornment, but they have no expensive tastes as men have (and which are more than an offset to any foolish vanities that women possess), and they contrive and make much for themselves which men never think of doing.

This year women were never more careful of expenditure, never more thoughtful of the demands they make. They have worn cotton goods in place of silk, have adhered to what they felt was the most economical plan of living, and instead of being commented upon for their extravagance they ought to be praised.

And the cynical single man and the disappointed married ones who cast the slur on the sex that is done when they are assailed as extravagant, are guilty of a wrong which is perpetrated in ignorance or with malicious intent.

Perhaps a trifle of justice in this matter would exhibit in a more prominent way the common sense of such carping libelers.

A PRACTICAL REFORM.

EACH winter, for some years past, has had predicted it much suffering among the poor.

Alas! in all conditions and in all winters there are many who suffer hardships; but all good citizens should reduce it to a minimum.

The course we commend requires no new legislation, and can be accepted equally by Democrat and Republican.

It is, first, that those who are above straitened means give employment where they can, paying for honest work rather than giving money, no matter how reliable the recipient or the volunteer dispenser may be.

One is thus his own almoner, and he reduces to a minimum the demoralising effect of receiving "charity."

The labouring man will, of course, obtain the highest wages he can.

He would be foolish if he did not. But, on the other hand, he had better work for any wages he can get, no matter how small; than to be idle; for when lying still he is growing poorer every day.

A man who barely supports himself still preserves his self-respect; and self-respect is to be preferred to the most bountiful charity.

BICYCLES.—A Coventry maker of bicycles has received extensive orders for the manufacture of a new patent bicycle, of which great things are expected. The new machine is the invention of a Brighton gentleman. The action of the ordinary bicycle is reversed, as the smaller wheel is placed in front and the big wheel behind, the riding saddle being in the middle between the wheels. One great advantage gained is that there is no strain on the rider's wrists. The improved machine may be driven at the rate of twenty-four miles per hour. It is easily stopped, the rider having merely to stand up, so to speak, in his stirrups or treadles, when a novel spring action stops the bicycle instantaneously.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

THE idea of utilising pigeons, not merely as carriers of despatches, but as drawers of balloons, is not perhaps altogether impracticable. If a pigeon will carry a letter, it seems credible enough that it might fly to its home, dragging after it a very small, very light balloon, to which a good many letters could be attached.

Whether two pigeons would travel amicably together, in such light harness as may have served to attach Venus's doves to their mistress's car, remains to be seen.

But it would be almost as easy to make the experiment as to indulge in speculations on the subject; and little by little it might be found possible to train a whole flock of pigeons to work, that is, to fly together.

Balloons could be made of ten, twenty, one hundred pigeon-power; and the author of the project for profiting by the labour of fishes and birds is of

opinion that in time pigeons might be drilled in large bodies and made to draw balloons with travellers in the air.

There would be a difficulty, he admits, about stations; and here he is undoubtedly right.

Pigeons can be taught to fly, or rather will fly naturally to their place of abode; but it will be impossible to make them stop half way on their journey to deposit and take up letters.

Nor, indeed, if the major result could be achieved, does it seem necessary to consider the possibility of attaining this minor one.

Apart from the proposed pigeon service in connection with balloons, it is certain that communication by means of pigeons for military purposes is now being made the subject of careful study in France. In the last war the telegraph lines were so often destroyed or taken possession of by the enemy that the French Government, not unnaturally, is determined, in case of another war, not to depend on wires alone.

At recent manoeuvres each of the divisional generals carried with him a certain number of pigeons, some of which, at the end of each day's operations, were despatched with news to the headquarters of the army corps.

THE OLD LACE.

THEY met first in a sufficiently romantic fashion, though the incident would not be new enough to warrant me in making a dramatic scene of it. She had gone out in a sailing boat, with little Giovannino to manage it, because old Nello was absent, and she too impatient to await his return.

Giovannino was afraid of nothing, and his great brown eyes shone like stars at the joyous idea of being master, for once, of the barque, quite satisfied that the Signorina would keep her word, and stand between him and any blame from his grandfather.

But the Signorina and little Giovannino were well punished for their naughtiness. They had got away out opposite the rocky shores of Capri, when a sudden wind swept up from the open sea, and made the beautiful bay so rough that the skill of an experienced mariner was necessary.

The Signorina and Giovannino both knew the sail must be shifted.

He tried to do it; she let go the rudder, and went to his aid.

A fresh puff of the blast nearly capsized the boat; and it was going over.

Just then, a six-oared barque from Capri, which they had been too busy to notice, succeeded in reaching them, and the one passenger plunged unhesitatingly into the sea, and caught the young lady, as the capsizing of the boat sent her flying into the water.

The sailors dragged them both into the boat, and saved little Giovannino themselves, though without liking the trouble to indulge in a ducking on his account.

The lady was not more than two minutes in the water, so she was quite herself when pulled into the boat.

She neither fainted nor screamed. Her first question was to ask if Giovannino was safe, in volatile Italian. Once certain of that, she ordered the men to secure the sailing boat; easy enough to do, as it had righted itself, after capsizing its burden.

All these matters having been well attended to, she had leisure to turn toward the person who had saved her.

She looked to the other end of the boat, and, instead of a sailor, as she expected, saw a figure, dripping wet, but looking more like a sea-god, in modern dress, than a common Neapolitan fisherman. He was staring at her with all his might and main. It only needed one glance to show that he was an Englishman.

"I thank you so much!" she cried, in her native tongue. "I am so sorry you got a wetting. But, oh, how funny we both do look!"

She burst out laughing, and he laughed, too, though a good deal dazed by the beautiful vision seated opposite him.

She had lost her hat; her long hair was streaming over her shoulders, and her pretty gray and blue costume was ruined; but she looked more beautiful in her disorder than most women could have managed to do under the most favourable circumstances.

Fortunately, when they reached the shore she found her shawl, which she had forgotten to put in the boat; so she draped that about her from head

to foot, and became more picturesque than ever.

She sent Giovannino home, bade him avoid his grandfather till she had appeased the old man, paid the rowers more lavishly than she ought to have done, and then was ready to remember the gentleman who stood by rather helpless, owing to an ignorance of the soft, Southern tongue.

"I thank you," she said, over again; but brief as the words were, her face made them eloquent.

He stammered something; knew he was making an idiot of himself, and stopped, thereby proving that he was a sensible man.

"I must run as fast as I can up the cliffs," she added, "that will keep me from getting cold."

She ran—she did it well, too—and he ran, also.

When they reached the top, he said:

"I hope you have not far to go?"

"Oh, no! Just yonder, to the Tasso," she answered, a little breathless, after her exertions.

"I am stopping there, too," he said.

She was wringing her beautiful hair again and only nodded, as a sign she heard him. They hurried on together.

Fortunately, among the few listeners about the entrance, the lady thought there was no one to recognise her.

She got to her room, and left his, and both hoped the adventure would remain a secret.

That evening the Signorina and her mother were out on the cliffs with a party of friends.

She saw "her preserver" again, and one of their party knew him.

Another moment, and these two young people were made acquainted, according to the laws of civilization.

Miss Coventry and Sir Hugh Douglas.

But, alas! just as they had found an opportunity to congratulate one another that their adventure was unknown, (Sir Hugh was mightily delighted at the idea of there being a secret between them, for he was already much deeper in love than he had been in the water,) up rushed some miscreant of a mutual acquaintance, and blurted out the whole story before everybody.

Nina Coventry was well scolded by her mother for her wicked daring, and Sir Hugh duly thanked. Then the mother, and the rest of the women, remembered to be frightened, and gasped, and ejaculated, as if Nina was still in danger of drowning.

Then they kissed her, and everybody shook Sir Hugh's hand, and all felt well acquainted at once.

Sir Hugh had only reached Sorrento the night before, and when he arrived he had intended to make a very short stay.

But, the old proverb, "man proposes," etc., proved as true in this case as in most others.

It was the last week in April when he came, and when the last week of May arrived he was there still.

He had been in the East that winter; had come from Malta to Naples; and was anxiously expected in London by his august mother, to pass the season.

But he did not appear, sending letters full of love and excuses instead.

Augusta MacIvor, a distant connection of Lady Douglas, was the first to enlighten the mother's mind as to the probable cause of his delay.

Somebody wrote Miss Melvor a long account of the hair-breadth escape. Sir Hugh had run, in saving the life of the famous American beauty, Miss Coventry.

Lady Douglas had a slight opinion of Americans. She had a vague idea that they were all rebels, and had done something which had offended old King George, of pleasant memory.

She was miserable at the idea of Hugh's "making an idiot of himself over a mushroom," and wrote him so.

He wrote back that she need have no fear, delicately hinted that the fair Augusta had better mind her own business, and added information in regard to the young American's titled English relatives, which consoled the old Scotchwoman.

She learned, too, from other sources, that Miss Coventry was one of the greatest heiresses of the day.

Now, the Douglasses were not rich, and the mother had always said that Hugh must marry money.

So she remained quiescent to Augusta Melvor's wrath and trouble; for that young woman had long meant to be Sir Hugh's wife herself.

It was July. Mrs. Coventry had been ordered to Schwalbach.

Lady Douglas was not well. Fate and the physicians ordered her also to Schwalbach.

Sir Hugh went to bring her over, and, to her unfeigned delight, told her that he was engaged to Miss Coventry.

Augusta Melvor had learned the fact before. In June she departed for the Continent with a married sister.

Sir Hugh was obliged to remain some weeks in England.

The Coventrys halted for a time at Basle, before going on to the Baths.

One lovely June evening, Nina Coventry was sitting on the famous balcony of the Three Kings, looking down across the Rhine, and dreaming of the new happiness which had brightened her life into such glorious perfection.

Suddenly up fluttered her mother in great agitation.

She had been out to walk, had lost her way, had been assaulted by a dog, and had no doubt she should have been eaten at two mouthfuls had not a young lady heroically driven the brute away.

"Who was she?" Nina asked, when her mother had grown calm again.

"I don't know. I was so frightened, I forgot to ask her name; but she is stopping in the house. I should like to thank her again."

"Oh, there she is now!" cried Mrs. Coventry.

Nina looked, and saw moving toward them an elegant, graceful young lady of perhaps four-and-twenty.

Her eyes were a trifle too keen: the face would have looked a little hard, had not its brilliant colouring softened it.

It was an odd, secretive, obstinate face to the few people in the world who could read character; but most persons considered it handsome, and its possessor a charming woman.

Nina rose, and went to meet her, saying, in her pretty way:

"I thank you so much! Mamma tells me you saved her from a real danger."

"I don't think the dog would bite," the other answered, smiling graciously. "But I am glad I happened to be there."

"Poor mamma has usually strong enough nerves," Nina added; "but she is ill this summer, and—"

She was interrupted by the approach of their courier with some letters. He addressed her by her name.

"What did he call you?" cried the stranger, with a charming eagerness, as the man moved away.

"My name is Nina Coventry," she replied.

The stranger gave a little cry of astonishment and delight.

"Please let me kiss you this minute!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am Hugh's cousin. You must have heard him speak of Augusta Melvor? How glad I am to meet you!"

Mrs. Coventry sat looking at them, too far off to hear their words, and now she was astonished to see the two embrace heartily, and began to think she must indeed have been in danger, for Nina to be so very demonstrative in her expressions of gratitude.

Nina did recollect her name, though Hugh had never said much about this relative, and anybody connected with him deserved a cordial welcome. In a few minutes they were chatting as gaily as possible; then the married sister, Mrs. Hertford, came out; a little, round, roly-poly woman, who spent her life eating chocolate bon-bons, and being tyrannised over by Augusta.

Nina left the two together for a while, and ran off to read Hugh's letter.

"I knew what your mysterious errand meant," whispered Augusta, when she came back, and kissed her again.

In those twenty minutes of Nina's absence, Miss Melvor had completely charmed Nina's mother.

Augusta Melvor was the most adroit flatterer I ever met; one of the quickest to perceive peoples' weaknesses, a faculty of adaptation almost unequalled, as unscrupulous as a fiend, and just as determined as he to carry out her plans.

She had come to Basle because she knew Nina was there.

She had made out the mother and daughter that morning; had been heroic in regard to the dog, because she recognised Mrs. Coventry.

She meant to become intimate with Nina before Hugh and his betrothed met again, and she succeeded.

They all spent a week at Basle, then Augusta and her sister accompanied them to Schwalbach; Nina and her mother thought entirely owing to their own persuasions.

Yet, charming as she was, Nina at first felt a sort of repulsion toward this relation of Hugh's.

She was ashamed of the feeling, and rushed into



[AN ENEMY IN DISGUISE.]

a friendship because of it, and then almost forgot those unpleasant warnings Nature gives us all when we meet people whom we ought to avoid—warnings which we all neglect, just as Nina did.

A few days after they reached Schwalbach, Sir Hugh and his mother arrived.

Hugh dashed off to find his idol, and later in the day, brought Lady Douglas to greet her future daughter-in-law.

Now, old Lady Douglas was prouder than any Lucifer, stiffer than a ramrod, uglier than any but a Scotchwoman can be, seeming to have so many more bones than most people, that she looked as if she had those of all her ancestors added to her own anatomy.

But she was kind and good, when you got below the crust of pride that lay over her heart, and as just and truthful a woman as ever lived.

She was delighted with Hugh's choice, charmed with sweet, little Mrs. Coventry, and softened and beamed as nobody ever saw her do before.

She had never petted even her adored son, but she petted Nina; and Nina, usually rather stately, was as kittenish as a child with her.

She went raving mad over the girl's beauty the moment she set eyes on her.

Then, too, Nina was wonderfully cultivated, and talked only as an American woman can; as witty as a French play without its coarseness, and as sensible as an English novel, without its heaviness.

Before three days had gone, Lady Douglas said to her son,

"My dear boy, I used to think the girl who married you would be the most fortunate human being that every lived. I have changed my mind a little. It is the man who is to have Nina Coventry for his wife, that will deserve to be so called."

Hugh kissed her, and vowed there were just two

perfect women in the world; one an elderly Scotch lady, and the other a young American.

Hugh was a man who deserved to be loved. Handsome, clever, energetic, and a heart of gold. He was twenty-six, had been in the army, seen some service, but it was agreed now that he was to sell out, live on his noble estate in Scotland, try for Parliament, and become what Nina laughingly called "a tiresome and respectable member of society."

Schwalbach is the oddest, most picturesque, most uncomfortable place in the world, but our party enjoyed their stay there.

The older ladies improved rapidly in health; the young people found some acquaintances; and the days flew like a dream.

Augusta McIvor was the prime mover in all their expeditions and pleasures.

Hugh had been a little sorry to find her there, but she was so devoted to Nina, that he rather grew to like her for the first time in his life.

"I never used to think she had much heart," he said to Nina; "but I misjudged her."

"Indeed, you did," replied Nina. "We must both be very fond of her, to make amends."

And day after day Augusta worked herself more and more closely into their confidence; wheedled Lady Douglas, and made love to Mrs. Coventry, and was as bright and amiable as a girl could be.

Then, night after night, she sat in her room, sometimes weeping, in a sort of icy despair, made up of rage and disappointment; sometimes revolving in her mind plots so diabolical, that I do not exaggerate when I say that the possibility of murder found a place among them.

She had loved Hugh Douglas from childhood; had always believed that she should at last succeed in becoming his wife; and now this girl had come between!

The weeks went by. Hugh and his mother had been clamorous for an early day to be set for the marriage; but when letters came from Nina's guardian in America, he reminded Mrs. Coventry of a fact which both she and Nina had forgotten, if they ever had really known it.

By the terms of her father's will, Nina was not permitted to marry until she should be twenty-one. They must wait until next May for that. Then Mrs. Coventry remembered that in her husband's family there had been several early marriages, which had proved disastrous enough.

This accounted for the stipulation in the dead man's testament.

Nina was in no haste to renounce the pleasantness of her engaged state.

Hugh was too happy to be more than outrageously impatient.

Lady Douglas hid her disappointment for fear of annoying her two darlings, and Augusta McIvor exulted in the depths of her soul; mourned with Hugh's mother, teased Hugh, scolded Nina for not caring, and said to herself, over and over:

"Nine months! Nine whole months! I'll find some means, if I go down into the bottomless pit to reach it."

September and October were spent in Paris. Mrs. Coventry was ordered south for her health. Hugh could not lose sight of his betrothed.

Lady Douglas had no mind to go back to Scotland alone.

Augusta said that she and her sister had meant to stay abroad till spring; had, from the first, intended to winter in Italy.

But Nice was advised for Mrs. Coventry, and they all persuaded Augusta and Mrs. Hertford to go there instead of Rome, and Augusta yielded.

Of course, being a woman, Lady Douglas discovered that she had left at home untold things she needed.

So, before leaving Paris, two heavy boxes were sent on to her; and when she found how much they weighed, and cost for expressage, her canny Scotch soul was filled with dismay, too, but hers rose from a different feeling. Her lavish soul was astounded that any feminine creature could get on with so little luggage.

Even counting the newly-arrived trunks, Lady Douglas had only five, whereas she never stirred on the shortest journey without nine, and so long a trip as that to Nice demanded at least double the number. But out of one of these old trunks, so hideous that Mrs. Coventry would rather have died than use them, Lady Douglas produced marvellous presents for her beloved Nina; things which all the money in the world could not have bought.

She would have given the girl everything she owned, and all the jewels left in the Douglas family, if Nina would have taken them; but Nina stoutly refused.

"You blessed old mother!" said she, "I have more jewelry now than I can take care of. I wouldn't have those things on my conscience for the world."

But Lady Douglas made her at least accept a few ornaments, valuable more for their antiquity and history than anything else; and Nina liked them because each had a story.

She was fond of coaxing Lady Douglas into relating anecdotes of the dead-and-gone men and women whose name she was to bear, and nothing pleased the old soul more than to do it.

One day, in turning out her stores of lace, when Nina and Augusta were in her drawing-room, she was delighted by the sight of one bit which she knew would steal Nina's heart.

"Look at that!"

Nina fairly shrieked with ecstasy.

"There are not three bits of lace like that in the world," said Lady Douglas. "It is almost worth its weight in diamonds."

Both girls were as speechless before it as if they had been a couple of Hindoos, and the lace their heathen god.

Augusta had been allowed to look at it a few times in her life, and once in an age Lady Douglas had worn it; and always, when thinking of being Hugh's wife, that bit of lace had floated before Augusta's fancy.

It was scarcely a yard in length, not more than a finger in width, yet, as the old woman said, it was almost worth its weight in diamonds.

It was a bit of point d' Alençon, but of a peculiar sort.

The art of making that kind has been lost for hundreds of years; and even in the days when it was made could scarcely be found outside the treasures of a royal bride.

Hugh came in while they were still examining the lace.

He asked his mother to tell Nina its history. First the old lady made Nina remark that one end of the lace was unevenly cut, and that in three different places there were some brown stains. Then she told its story.

As many hundred years ago as Anne of Austria was young and beautiful, had this lace been made.

In the very last interview she ever held with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he begged for some mementoes of her; something that she had worn.

Anne asked for his dagger.

She ripped a portion of the lace which decorated the front of her robe, cut it loose with the poniard, and gave it to him, saying:

"It is just enough to make a jabout."

"And a jabout will be close to my heart," he answered.

The beautiful queen never responded when her adorer made such speeches.

She floated silently away from his presence; from first to last more like a dream of Heaven to the brave duke than a creature of mortal mould.

But the lace remained in Buckingham's hand, still warm from its contact with the pure bosom against which it had lain.

When George Villiers lay dying, from the thrust of a hired assassin's dagger, a woman presented herself in the chamber.

It was Lady Ellen Douglas, who had loved him for years, and had remained single for his sake, and he knew it.

She had borne reproach, and the weight of evil tongues, too; but no matter.

No matter now, even if she deserved the burthen. She has been beyond our judgment too many centuries for us worms to pronounce sentence.

The lace lay just above his heart, sealed up in a silken packet.

He drew it forth himself, and put it in her hand.

"You are the woman who has loved me the truest," he said. "You ought to have the dearest relic I possessed."

So he died, and they buried him; and the wonderful bit of lace which had fluttered above Anne of Austria's bosom, that had lain next Buckingham's heart when he was dying, and been stained with his blood, became an heirloom in the succeeding generations of the Douglases.

"My dear," said the old Scotchwoman, as she finished the tale, "never has a Douglas been married since, but this lace lay over the bride's heart; and never has there been a Douglas's wife but was true to her wove. Take you it now, and take with it your mother's blessing."

Her manner and her voice made the closing words so solemn, that Nina could not have dreamed of refusing.

Lady Douglas had turned her back to hide her emotion.

Hugh seized the lace, and laughingly wreathed it about Nina's head.

The old woman turned as he did it, and snatched the lace off, exclaiming:

"No, no! What have you done? It has never touched the bride's head till the wedding day. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, it is a bad omen!"

Iron-nerved woman as she was, she burst into

[redacted] could only try to soothe her, and Hugh had three minds to tear the beastly old piece of lace—that was what he called it in his fright—for having caused such confusion.

Lady Douglas was first to compose herself. No mortal had ever seen her cry before, unless it might have been her nurse.

"I am a withered idiot," said she, "I forgot that omens are powerless where a fairy queen is concerned. Kneel down here, darling, and let me put the lace in your hair again. Now look at her, Hugh."

This was just before the party was setting out for Nice.

The next day Nina spoke to Hugh, begging that he would persuade his mother to keep the treasure until their wedding-day.

Hugh said the request would only pain the old lady.

Then Nina begged him to leave it in some bank-safe, and he laughed.

"Whoever would choose that to steal, out of all your possessions? You, that have more jewels than Aladdin, and more fine things than his wife. Nonsense! Don't be a dear little goose! The whole thing is nonsense, and my own opinion is, the lace is a humbug."

Nina lectured him well for his irreverence, but she kept the relic, locked it in the most hidden

drawer of her jewel-case, and made Augusta stand by while she did it, to be sure the treasure was there.

If you have ever been driven nearly mad—and, Heaven help us, most of us have some time, from one cause or another—you will remember that, after bearing well enough the great blows, it was a trifle which upset you at last.

Augusta McIvor had borne losing Hugh, had hated Nina, had envied her beauty, her wealth; but she had kept her reason.

The sight of the lace, and the scene which accompanied its showing, drove her mad. I have said that to Lady Douglas, and I believe it still. I believe that she was mad.

Now I set out to tell you the history of a bit of old point. So, having told you the story of its past, I must go on to its present, and skip the details in the lives of the human beings connected with it.

I shall only tell you that the winter in Nice was a very gay one; but when March came, Lady Douglas, though loving Nina as dearly as ever, was afraid that she was too fond of excitement, and have ideas in regard to the freedom permissible to young girls and married women, and Lady Douglas had a fear that such theories would not be proper.

On her side, Nina doated on Lady Douglas, but had a fear that she was overbearing, and looked down a little on her son's future wife, and was daily irritating herself by fancied slights.

Sir Hugh was madly jealous though he would not admit it, and he and Nina quarrelled sometimes, only to love each other with a greater devotedness after.

Augusta McIvor was the friend and confidant of each in turn, and everybody liked and trusted her more and more.

One morning Lady Douglas received a note from Nina. She was delighted, for she had been cross with her pet the day before.

When she read it—she had to do that three times before she comprehended its meaning—she wished she had died, and been buried ere the morning dawned.

Nina had made a blunder.

Into the envelope she had addressed to Lady Douglas, she had put a letter to one of the most infamous of men, though a Russian prince, and well received, that all Nice contained.

The note upbraided him for making love to her, but promised to meet him that night at a masked ball.

Hugh, who had just left Augusta, and had been driven out of his senses by her trying to persuade him that he ought to try to make matters smoother between his mother and his affianced, came in, and found the old lady as near hysterics as a bony Scotchwoman could go.

He saw the note was in Nina's writing, and read it.

He got back what he thought was composure, and so terrified his mother by his manner that she held her peace, as he bade.

He went to the ball, masked. He saw Nina on the Prince's arm; he recognised her by the knot of ribbon on her shoulder, which had been described in the note.

He tried to get close to her. The pair escaped. He lost them.

The next morning he burst like a whirlwind into Nina's house.

She was equal to the whirlwind. The more he reproached, the less she was able to understand.

The more he demanded an explanation, the dumber and prouder she grew.

"Go!" she cried, at last. "If a word would set all straight, I would not speak it! If the safety of your soul and mine depended on a motion of my hand, I would not stir a finger! I hate, I loathe you! Let it all end. Go!"

A day passed. On the next, she prepared to send back his presents.

Augusta had made her a stolen visit, and helped to complicate matters, if that was possible.

When she had gone, Nina went into her bed-room, opened her writing-desk, and jewel-caskets, to seek for every line he had ever written, every gift he had ever bestowed.

They were all there—letters and presents—all except the priceless bit of lace; that was not to be found.

She hunted everywhere; she thought she must go crazy; she tried to think.

Once, only, since coming to Nice, had she taken out the lace, at Augusta's request, to show it to a couple of their young lady friends.

The lace was gone! These three were beyond suspicion.

The bit of point must have been stolen by some

person in the house, who had learned that the treasure was in her possession.

She could not tell her mother. She waited till the next day.

She went to Lady Douglas's hotel.

The old lady refused to see her. She would not send for Hugh.

She waited and watched for Lady Douglas; followed her to the old chateau hill, and told her story.

Lady Douglas listened to the end, looked her full in the face, and said:

"The lace has been worn over the breast of many a Douglas's wife; never one dishonoured it. Keep it; your hands have touched it. Keep it; it may be fit now for a thief to own, but not to come back to us."

And she was gone.

When the next day came, the mother and son had left Nice, accompanied by their two relatives. Nina Coventry learned that nothing can kill.

She had lived not only to have her heart broken, but to suffer the lowest degradation which can befall the commonest creature—to be considered a thief.

A year and a half went by. She was in Switzerland with her mother.

They had just arrived at Interlachen.

She had heard that Sir Hugh was engaged to be married to Augusta McIvor.

The news was true, but she had not learned how the matter came about.

The facts were these.

Augusta had despaired of success; a fortunate tumble from her horse, when he was riding with her, gave her a pretext to talk like a deranged person.

She told the whole story of her love to him, seeming to think she was alone.

A few weeks after, he asked her to be his wife. He was a heart-broken man, and if he could make any human creature happy, he should feel that his blighted life was of a little use.

That evening, when she reached the hotel, Nina heard groans and cries from the room next her's.

She was informed that an English girl had that day arrived, and was very ill—alone, except for her servant, because the lady who had accompanied her had stopped at Thun.

Nina went at once to the chamber, and found herself face to face with Augusta.

There had been no trouble between them; Augusta had believed in her to the last.

She must not behave like a fiend because Hugh Douglas had chosen her for his wife.

Augusta knew her, and was too ill and suffering to think of anything or anybody but herself. She told Nina she had left Mrs. Hortford at Thun, and came on to Interlachen, expecting to find Sir Hugh and his mother had reached there.

They might come at any moment; but in the meantime she was alone, for the doctor had pronounced her illness an infectious fever, and her maid had run away, and the servants of the hotel had not come near her, and the nurse the doctor had promised to send had not arrived.

Augusta was already a little wandering, but she managed to talk connectedly.

Nina sent again for the doctor.

He came at once. The nurse could not arrive that night.

He left medicines, and Nina sat down to watch over her.

She would not let her mother share the vigil, for Mrs. Coventry was still far from strong.

The last intelligible words Augusta spoke were to ask her to take some keys she would find in a satchel, open a dressing-case, and send a letter to England, which lay in it—a business-letter, that ought to go the next day.

Before she had fairly concluded her explanation, she went into a sort of spasm, and Nina was too busy to remember the letter.

She was left alone with the sick woman till toward midnight.

Augusta had fallen into a troubled sleep.

The doctor had been back twice in the course of the evening, and said there was nothing more to be done for the present, if she could sleep, so much the better.

The door opened softly, and Nina saw Lady Douglas and Sir Hugh.

Often, in a crisis where we should expect to feel most, we are too stunned to feel at all. That was the way with Nina now.

She put up her hand to impose silence, and whispered:

"No noise! Don't speak. The doctor says this sleep is of vital importance."

A few inaudible words were exchanged between

Sir Hugh and his mother, then he crept out of the room.

Lady Douglas approached the bed; she had aged greatly.

She did not look at Nina, but somehow the girl knew that she was about to tell her that her services were no longer required.

With her disengaged hand she pointed toward the one Augusta still grasped in her sleep.

"I can't go yet," she said; "I am afraid to awaken her."

The old woman turned her back.

Nina knew that she was weeping, but thought it was from fright and anxiety for Augusta, but Lady Douglas was weeping at sight of her broken idol.

The two sat in the sleeper's chamber for full an hour, without uttering a word.

Once, in the meantime, Augusta roused up enough to swallow some medicine, then slept again.

Nina's hand was free now. She suddenly remembered the letter.

She went to the table where the satchel lay, and took the keys, glided up to Lady Douglas's chair, and whispered:

"There is a letter in the dressing-case—a business letter—that Augusta wished me to send. Will you take it out?"

The old woman hardened her heart. She was ashamed of her own emotion at meeting this girl, and answered:

"If she bade you do it, I have no concern in the matter."

Nina locked her full in the face, with a cold pride, that was harder than her insolent haughtiness, and said:

"You are right. I should no more have hesitated to obey her wishes than I did to help her when I found her here deserted and alone."

She crossed the room. Two boxes were on the table.

She opened the nearest, so agitated, though she tried to be calm, that she hardly knew what she was doing.

She had opened the wrong one. It was a dressing-case.

As she was closing it, she touched the spring of an inner lid.

It fell open. A little packet, folded in sheer muslin, dropped out.

Nina was holding the famous bit of old point in her hands.

She could not stir. She uttered a faint cry, but did not know it.

She thought she heard a step behind her. Her reason came back.

She turned, but Lady Douglas was seated in her chair.

Nina put the lace in her pocket, locked the desk, opened the dressing-case, found the letter, and was leaving the room, when Augusta roused up and called her name.

All night these two women watched by the sick girl's bed. At daylight the nurse and Mrs. Hertford arrived from Thru. As Nina was crossing the corridor, to go to her room, she met Sir Hugh.

"I wish to speak to you," said she, before he could make a sign, "Please to go into that room."

She saw an open door. "I will come to you in a moment."

He bowed; she passed on. She went to her chamber, waited long enough, so that it should seem she had gone to search for something, and returned. He was waiting in the little salon.

The curtains were half drawn; the gray dawn struggled through, making a faint light in the room. She walked up to him, held out a tiny packet, and said:

"I have found the lace that Lady Douglas accused me of stealing. Take it, and take my best wishes with it."

She was turning to go, when out from the darkness rushed Lady Douglas, and fell at her feet.

"Forgive me!" she cried, "or I think I shall die! Hugh, she found the lace in Augusta's dressing case. I saw her when she found it."

Before Hugh could stir, before Nina could raise the old woman, in rushed Mrs. Hertford.

"Quick!" she cried. "Come quick! Augusta is dying!"

The three followed her into the room without knowing how they got there. The sick girl was not dying, but raving in a wild delirium. Mrs. Hertford had borne all she could, and so fainted away; the best thing she could do, for so she escaped the confession of her sister's shame.

Augusta recognised Nina, and believed herself alone with her.

"I don't want to tell!" she cried. "I must, I must! I am dying! I wrote the letter! I met the Prince!"

I stole the lace! I have it somewhere. I wanted it so. Afterward, I was always trying to get it back to you. I knew you would send it home. Don't tell Hugh. I loved him. I did it all for his sake. Oh, forgive! Oh—"

Her voice died in a gasp; she fell back on the pillow. They thought her dead at first; but she did not die; she recovered. The three stayed till he was beyond danger, then left without a word. When she was able to rise, her sister said:

"Lady Douglas left a message for you—such as odd one—to look in your dressing-case. She must have put some present there for you. I hope it was money."

Augusta sent her out of the room; managed to reach the table; opened the box; touched the spring of the inner lid. She understood the whole.

To-day Nina is Sir Hugh's happy wife, and the Dowager Lady Douglas the happiest old woman in England. Human nature likes extremes. And at a London ball, last May, I saw our beautiful Nina with Anne of Austria's bit of point fastened to the front of her dress by a star of diamonds.

F. L. B.

FACETIA.

QUANTITY NOT QUALITY.

BROWN, SENIOR: "Well, Fred, what did you see during your trip abroad?"

BROWN, JUNIOR: "Aw—pon m' word, don't know what I saw 'xactly, only know I did more by three countries, eight towns, and four mountains, than Smith did in the same time!"

Punch.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

A TELEGRAM from Washington announces that the United States have experienced a most severe blow.

It is well known that our American cousins are accustomed to sensations and "big things" generally. Niagara may "stun with thundering sound," and the Mississippi steamboats may blow up at convenient periods. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky may be awe-striking, and politics may be red-hot, and revolvers protruding from many pockets.

All these things our cousins have long been accustomed to, and apparently enjoyed; but mark the sequel.

They were not accustomed to Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., nor to Mr. Parnell, M.P., who visited the United States to present an address to the President on behalf of the Home-Rule Party.

Consequently the Secretary of State decided that the address must be presented through the British Minister in the usual way.

With a ruthlessness which cannot be sufficiently commented upon, Mr. Power and Mr. Parnell have decided not to present the address at all!

Of course, America is a large country, and her resources are large, but whether she will recover from the shock which has visited her, time alone can show.

—Punch.

ARTFULNESS.

INQUISITIVE YOUNG MAN: "I say, Goody, I wonder you don't take a dip."

Goody: "Well, you see, sir, I have been such a wicked woman all my life, I wouldn't like to give providence the pull over me!"

[Inquisitive young man retires to think it over.]

—Judy.

SERIOUS.

FORWARD CHILD: "Ma, dear, if everybody was made to eat as much salt as that, they must have eaten up Lou's wife by this time!"

—Judy.

MILK AND WATER.

It has been stated that one day last week, nearly 10,000 persons paid for admission to the Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Many of these were farmers and other country people, but the greater part no doubt Londoners, naturally anxious to see, for the first time in their lives, samples of genuine unadulterated milk and cream. The prize cows were among the principal objects of attraction, but in that department many visitors observed that they missed the cow with the iron tail.

QUITE REFORMED.

In the town of Mordan resided, several years ago, a worthy old gentleman, with his son and daughter-in-law. The latter, being of a querulous disposition, was always complaining of her hard lot, and expressing her determination to commit suicide at the earliest favourable opportunity.

One day, when the husband had gone "to mill,"

she called her father-in-law to see her commit the act of self-destruction.

The old gentleman put on his coat and accompanied her to the river's bank, and coolly waited for her to "jump in."

This was rather a damper to the lady; but at last she bid him "good-bye," and was about to plunge in, when the old gentleman cried out to her, saying:

"Not there, not there, it ain't deep enough! Here's a better place!"

The coolness of the old gentleman knocked the romance of the thing out of the daughter's mind. She gave up her intention, and returned to her home and her duties quite reformed.

A DISAPPOINTED BEING.

KIND Reader, pray excuse my tears, except my air of sadness—

The sorrows I'd communicate would melt a heart of stone.

Misfortune has bewildered, me-deprived me of my gladness—

To quote the poet, "Melancholy's marked me for her own."

And when you've heard my history, I think you'll be agreeing, That I've ample cause to style myself a disappointed being.

When a child, I was unspeakably disgusted with the manners

Of my uncles and my aunts, who were to put it mildly, cheats—

Though frequently I'd visit them, they never gave me tanners

To rattle in my money-box nor bought me any sweets.

Most youngsters from their relatives expect a sort of feasting; I always had to toddle home, a disappointed being.

I had an aunt, a maiden aunt, to whom I paid attention,

In fact, I used to call upon her ev'ry other day—

And really I imagined, from her gracious condescension,

She'd bequeath to me a trifle, to assist me on my way.

But she left her cash to charities (a whim of Fate's decreeing), Incontestably proclaiming me a disappointed being.

Methought I'd seek another tack, a fortune to be netting,

I was tempted into trying it by other folk's success.

And, behold you, soon I dabbled just a little bit in betting—

I commenced with little capital, and finished up with less.

The losses I experienced prevented me from spicing—

Indisputably proving me a disappointed being.

I've essayed the tender passion, which I've found a sad delusion—

Each dame I've appealed to has declined to share my cot.

And I'll freely own my object in evolving this effusion

Is to ask some lady-reader to have pity on my lot.

Oh, eligible dames, when this advertisement you're seeing—

Please address (in care of Editor) "the Disappointed Being."

—Fun.

A LESSON IN FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.

THE name of the French historian which in in our youthful days used to go around the class as Guasit, Gow-is-it, Gizzot, Guizzet, Gweeset, Goozot, Guzzo, Gizzo, Guizz, Gweez, and Goozo, has at last received an authoritative pronunciation.

A member of the recent Philological Convention of Poughkeepsie stated that he had received a letter from M. Guizot, sen., informing him that the name should by all means be pronounced Gu-izzo, while enclosed was a letter from M. Guizot, jun., requesting that it be always pronounced Gweezo.

THOSE HORRID REPORTERS.

FATHER OF FAMILY: "Why this report says your mother wore white lace dress and pearls! Your sister Fanny, green satin and diamonds, and Carry (but twelve years old), crimson satin trimmed with point lace! I am sure there must be some mistake, as I have never seen nor heard of such lace nor diamonds."

Your mother is an invalid, and if she went to a ball, it would only be as a spectator."

Son: "Why don't you know those chaps write letters at home, they merely get the list of arrivals at the hotels, and add the millinery business, ad libitum."

NAPOLEON'S PILLOW.

"WHAT'S that?" asked Mrs. Brown, looking up at the column of the Place Vendome, during her late visit to Paris.

"The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered.

"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! But it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah, Isaac, see what it is to be great! How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow!"

NEAT.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red-striped stockings on his heir, "why have you made barbers' poles of our child's legs?"

"Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

ON THE TURKISH-CARPET.

It has been seriously proposed that the Throne of Turkey should be filled by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Well, he can fiddle, understands the bowstring, and is used to being very much at sea. Any Port in a storm: and why should not our young sailor put into a Sublime na? The Duchess has sailed for Besika Bay. Perhaps she would object on domestic grounds.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

MONEY is generally tight when Consols have a drop too much.

Life is a stormy and dangerous voyage. The vessel we start in—our cradle—is childhood's first rock.

The innocent blush more frequently than the guilty; the face of the latter is not so easily red.

God made the country—for gods. Man made the town—for man.

Things done by halves are never done well. Why blame a man then for finding faults with his wife.

Fools and their money soon part. It's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with, though

PRECEPTS FOR PARVENUS.

NEVER bow to your acquaintances from the top of an omnibus.

Never wear a flower in your buttonhole in the daytime.

Never acknowledge you have earned your fortune by labour

Never "mop" your brow with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.

Never mention at a dinner-party what your fish-bill comes to in the week.

Never go in morning dress to the stalls of a theatre.

Never give less than a shilling for a farthing play-bill.

Never speak of pantomimes or "Ansons."

Never wear a diamond-pin in your shirt-front.

Never parade in conversation the only Baronet you know.

Never speak familiarly of Lords you have never met.

Finally, look as if every place you enter belonged to you.

—Punch.

STATISTICS.

FEMALE LABOUR IN GERMANY.—The German Government has lately published the results of an investigation by various States of the empire with regard to the employment of women in manufacture. From the returns, it appears that about 226,000 women, above 16 years of age, are so employed in the empire. Of that number, 24 per cent. are between 16 and 18, 42 per cent. between 19 and 25, 34 per cent. above 25. About one-fourth of the whole are married. Comparing the working women with the whole female population, it appears that in Prussia they form only 1 per cent. of the whole, in Bavaria, three-quarters per cent., in Saxony, more than 3 per cent., and in Wurtemberg, a little more than 1 per cent. If they are divided into groups according to age, it is found that in Prussia there are 600,000 girls between 16 and 18, of whom 4 per cent. are engaged in manufacture; in Bavaria there are 125,000, of whom 2½ per cent. are employed in factories; in Saxony, 14 per cent. out of 75,500; and in Wurtemberg, 5 per cent. out of 44,500. In Prussia, 3½ per cent. between 19 and 20, out of 1,529,000, work in manufacture; in Bavaria, 2 per cent. out of 290,500; in Saxony, 11 per cent. out of 166,500; and in

Wurtemberg, 3 per cent. out of 111,000. More than half (128,500) the total number of workers are employed in textile industry, 34,000 in the manufacture of cigars, and the rest in various branches of industry. The duration of work is from ten to eleven hours a day, and never exceeds thirteen hours. The usual wages are 5s. to 8s. a week. If some get less, others get as much as 19s. to 24s. a week.

FARMER HODGE'S GRIEVANCE.

Farmer Hodge looked up with a gloomy eye

To the cloudless blue of the summer sky: "As to prayin' for rain," said he, "I'll stop;

Here's weeks and weeks and never a drop, Or leastways only a sprinklin' or two, And what sort o' good does a sprinklin' do To pastur' burnt as dry as a chip!

You wouldn't put just a drop on the lip Of a man a-dyin' of thirst, unless

You didn't know how to get more, I guess, If we don't have a good, hard, soaking rain.

I must starve the cattle or feed 'em grain; And where is the chance, I like to know, With a sky like that? I'm farming here, Man and boy, for more nor forty year, And a drouth like this now, I never see; But I tell you, sir, 'twixt you and me, That Providence, measurin' out its strokes, Is special hard on us farmer folks!"

I felt that to argue then was vain, For the earth seemed sorely in need of rain,

But the wind veered round as midnight passed,

And gathered a cloud-hoat black and vast, And flung from its bosom, with scarce a sound,

A life-saving flood on the thirsty ground. Steadily down till the morn was gray;

Steadily still through the long, dark day; Steadily on through the night again!

Fell on the sod the freshening rain!

On the second morn, when the sky was fair,

And a myriad perfumes filled the air,

And a cool, fresh breeze came over the hill, And the long-parched soil had drunk its fill—

Lo! upon Farmer Hodge's brow

Was a gloom that I could not fathom now, Till he said, with a growl: "I told you so!

It never rains but it pours, you know;

A drizle, now, wouldn't have come amiss, But where was the good of a drench like this?"

But a soaking rain would alone do good, You said?" "Aye, a rain; but not a flood!"

"You are hard to please, it seems to me."

"Hard to please!" in an injured tone cried he,

"More nor forty year I've worked this farm,

And never done Providence no harm;

But, winter or summer, dry or wet,

I never had weather to suit me yet!"

The Hodges of life are not all found Sowers and reapers and tillers of ground, For the leaven of discontent, alas!

Runs more or less through the human mass,

And the lesson they teach, since the race began,

Is, that Providence hath no meaner plan

Than the universal good of man,

And that Heaven's great justice would soon be lost

If He favoured one at another's cost!

C. D. G.

GEMS.

LITTLE sticks help better than large ones to kindle the fire.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

Half the truth may be a lie in the absence of the other half.

People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

Hear not ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor repeat all you believe.

Ask yourself before speaking evil of any man: First—is it right? Second—is it kind? Third—is it necessary?

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odour. Evil company is like tobacco smoke—you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

JOHNNY-CAKE.—Two cups of sour-milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, two cups of meal, one cup of flour, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of soda, salt.

POTATO CROQUETS.—Boil and mash potatoes when hot, and add a piece of butter the size of an egg; a teaspoonful of white powdered sugar, salt, and two well-beaten eggs; mix it well together, and then make it into small cone or pear-shaped pieces; let them stand till quite cold; then dip them into raw egg and bread-crums (plenty of the latter), and fry in boiling lard.

COLD MEAT AND HAM CROQUETS.—Take cold fowl or cold meat of any kind, with a few slices of cold ham, fat and lean, chop together until very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of made mustard, one tablespoonful of catsup, a small lump of butter. Knead all well together, make into small flat cakes (the yolk of an egg can be used to bind the ingredients, but it is not necessary). Brush with the yolk of a beaten egg, on both sides, cover thickly with grated bread crums, fry in a little lard or butter, a light brown. It is surprising how many of these croquets can be made from a very little cold meat and ham, and they are excellent.

GRAPE JAM.—Seven pounds of grapes and three and a half of sugar. Stem the grapes, weigh, and then wash them, put in a kettle with about a pint of water, over a moderate fire, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. In forty or fifty minutes, or less, the seeds will slip from their skins; then rub through a colander, and return to the kettle with the sugar. Boil from one to two hours, according as it thickens, stirring it all the while or it will burn. If it is desired to make a sauce for cold meats, to this quantity add two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, to this one of cloves, and a half pint of vinegar just on taking from the fire. Any kind of grapes will do, wild, cultivated, or green.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A REMARKABLE lantern now in course of erection on Galley Head, a promontory of Ireland, will soon be completed. It will consume 1,800 feet of gas per hour, and will be visible during foggy weather. Its light will equal that of about 2,000,000 candles.

IT may be interesting to know that the original "Uncle Tom" of Mrs. Stowe's novel is at present in England on a visit. He is a Baptist minister, the Rev. Josiah Henson, and is now advanced in years, but still Hale and hearty.

THE Italian Government has resolved to abolish the religious element in the oaths heretofore in use in administering oaths. There is to be no such invocation of the Deity as "So help me God," or "In the presence of the ever-living God." It is simply "I swear," and the usual penalties are retained for perjury.

A VENERABLE lady, three years older than the United States, recently celebrated her birth anniversary in Roxbury, Massachusetts. She is in full possession of all her faculties, and not long ago, in the absence of the family, cooked a dinner without any assistance.

THE old, though perhaps bootless, question—"Where do all the pins go to?" is recalled by the statement that there are now eight pin factories in the United States, which make 47,000,000 pins daily. In addition to these, the importation of pins reaches 25,000,000 daily. As these are sold, it is safe to say that 72,000,000 pins are lost daily, or 50,000 every minute.

THE corvette Bacchante was recently launched at Portsmouth Dockyard. This ship is an iron vessel, cased with wood, and will carry 16 guns.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—The songs can be obtained at Cramer's musical library, Regent Street, London.
L. S.—The Stamp Act requires a receipt stamp to any receipt where the amount received is two pounds and upwards; it is not necessary to put a stamp upon an account where you insert Cr. by such an amount, and bring forward the balance. Your writing is very good, but would be much improved by less flourishes to the capitals. Well suited to a mercantile business.

S. E. L.—A mother of an illegitimate child is of no legitimate relation to such child, and therefore cannot become possessed of any property left to such child otherwise than by such child bequeathing the property to his or her illegitimate mother by will.

DESIDERATUM.—If she administer to any property or effects she is liable, not otherwise, unless she makes any part payment after his decease.

ALICIA.—The wedding-morn may be viewed as the happiest of our lives. It breaks upon the young heart like gentle spring upon the flowers of earth. It is the hour of bounding, joyous expectancy, when the ardent spirit, arming itself with bold hope, looks with undaunted mien upon the dark and terrible future. It is the hour when thought borrows the livery of goodness and humanity, looking from his tenement across the common of life, shakes off its heavy load of sordidness, and gladly swings to its hour, full of blissful contemplation, rich promises, and the soul's happy morn for the loved and loving bride, who seems in the eye of her adorer as if

"Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

THOMAS.—You say you wish to be acquainted with your natural disposition. Examine every action minutely, ascertain the motive that actuated you, and then compare the result with what you ought to have done, and you will soon know what are the tendencies of your nature. Watch yourself closely; the study would be of great assistance to you in after life, and would, moreover, tend to crush incipient bad habits, and improve your good ones.

W. K.—Every little while we read of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot or some other part of his person, and lockjaw has resulted therefrom. All such wounds can be healed without any fatal consequences following them. The remedy is simple. It is only to smoke such wound, or any wound or bruise that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from any wound we ever saw.

JAMES.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. When she was young—yea, middle-aged, thou didst respect, and reverence, and obey her; do it as well when she is old; hold on to doing it to the last. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun as it goes forth in all his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-haired, but her motherly relation is ever in its bloom. It may be autumn—yea, winter, with the woman, but with the woman—as mother—it is always spring.

A. S.—Do not believe it, for the instant a woman tries to manage a man for herself she begins to ruin him. The lovely creeper clings in its feebleness with grace to the stately tree; but if it outgrows, as if it would protect or conceal its supporter, it speedily destroys what it would otherwise adorn. One grand purpose of woman's power over a man's heart is the maintenance of his self-respect. A man who loves a true-hearted woman aims to sustain in himself whatever such a woman can love and reverence.

S. G.—Tell the young man that you will not decline the attentions of others unless you are engaged. It is not fair for him to fritter your time away as he is doing. There are ten thousand other young men in the country who need a similar hint.

ARTIST.—Undoubtedly. The chromos and lithographs do not spoil the market for the true artist, but help to create the taste which appreciates him. And the artist is before the chromo, which only imitates his work.

JACK.—We do not think you have anything with which conscience can reproach you in having shaken hands with the lady, who, we hope, when you offer your hand as a permanent possession, will regard the suit favourably.

T.—If her mother did not resent the civility at the time we do not see why you should be troubled about it.

P.—An outward application of spermatozi will moderate the malady.

J. H.—Moderation, decorum, and neatness distinguish the gentleman.

C. M.—While the young lady is visiting her friend, we see no way for you to meet her, unless by calling upon her at her friend's house.

CARLY.—If you are twenty-four you are old enough to marry.

E. F.—Will do well to avoid the habit of taking spirituous liquors, which had a very great tendency to promote the evil he complains of.

EMMY.—Your awakening from the spell in which the clouds have enveloped you need not introduce you to unhappy times.

"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

MAGGIE.—Unless you have some particular reason for putting it off, we think you may as well engage the clergyman at once.

W. A.—Modesty like yours is a rare and delightful spectacle.

S.—Sending a yellow rose to a lady would be construed into an insult.

TWO HOMES.

My home in town has right good cheer,
Without wealth and its luxury;
The sky of hope is bright and clear,
And when I sit in my library,
Or garden porch with loved ones near,
"There is no place like home" to me.

My other home is on the hill;
In the soft shade of drooping trees,
Where sleepers silent lie and still,
Not far from silver-sounding seas;
Unawakened by the madrigal
Of happy birds and honey-bees.

My home in town is fair to see,
My neighbours make good neighbourhood;
My life is not a task to me
For others help to bear its load;
And leisure leans on industry,
And peace is queen of my abode.

"God's acre" holds a home that's sweet,
With fragrance pure of buds and leaves;
And when I walk the silent streets
Of dwellings low with sodded eaves,
At every step I seem to meet
The breath of newly-gathered sheaves.

Two homes I have, one in the town
And one in Greenwood's leafy nooks.
When tired, I at last lie down
Uncharmed with music and with books,
Seeking no more a laurel crown—
Let me rest there with goodly folks.

Oh, is it not a place of rest
Where wearied mortals can repose?
The earth lies lightly on the breast,
No sorrow in the wind that blows.
Nature paused here, and smiling, blest
The shaded vales and hills that rose.

The flowers that bloom, the birds that sing,
The undulating land, the sky,
Hers take from death its dread sting
While from the grave its terrors fly.
The passing cloud looks like a wing
Of white and gold from realms on high.

The rich unenvied by the poor,
The great who filled their space with fame,
Sleep where intruders seek no more
To steal their gold or stain their name;
From memory's urn sweet odours pour,
While dust returns to whence it came.

G. W. B.

EDITH and NORA, two friends, would like to correspond with two dark young gentlemen. Edith is eighteen, tall, light hair and blue eyes. Nora is seventeen, medium height, brown hair, and blue eyes. Both are domesticated, and of a loving disposition. Respondents must be in good positions, and fond of home.

LAUGHING LIZZIE, twenty-one, medium height, brown hair and blue eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy. Respondent must be tall, dark hair, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

THOMAS G., twenty-three, light brown hair, hazel eyes, and considered good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady who has been a sister some time. She must be tall, good-looking, and thoroughly domesticated.

OTHELLO, ROMEO, and MACBETH, three friends, wish to correspond with three young ladies. Othello is dark, medium height, and considered good-looking. Romeo is dark, medium height, and good-looking. Macbeth is dark, medium height, and good-looking. Respondents must be tall and good-looking.

KATE and ANNIE, two friends, wish to correspond with two young men between twenty-one and twenty-eight. Must be fond of home.

C

TONY M., ARTHUR M., and BEN L. would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. They are all good-looking, and well-educated. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of home and children.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

CARME is responded to by—Edgar George C. Would like to receive carte-de-visite.

MARIA by—P. I. M., nineteen, dark hair and eyes, and fond of home and music. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

TED by—Kate.

DAISY by—Draper, a tradesman, thirty-two, fair complexion.

ASSESSOR by—J. K., fair complexion. Thinks he is all she requires.

W. P. by—MARY, twenty-one, fair complexion, and fond of home.

ANNIE by—Royal, twenty-four considered good-looking. Holds a good position. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

MARIA by—Klepto, eighteen, dark. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

MARY by—Tom.

LEFT LEVER by—Lily, medium height, tall, dark, considered good-looking, fond of home, and of a loving disposition.

NELLIE by—Artillery Volunteer, tall, dark complexion, of a very loving disposition, and thinks he is all she requires.

LAUGHING EYES by—T. A., dark, hazel eyes, fond of home.

HAPPY FACE by—W. A. J., fair, blue eyes, and fond of home.

WHITE MOSS ROSE by—S. A. L., thirty-three, with two children.

GENUINE by—Carrie, twenty-eight, with dark hair and eyes.

VIOLET by—William T., twenty-two, fair, medium height.

DAISY by—Charles W., twenty-two, fair, tall, considered good-looking.

LIZZIE by—Sancy Frank, twenty-one, medium height, dark hair and eyes.

MARY by—Funny Bill, twenty-two, tall, dark hair and eyes, considered good-looking.

JACK M. by—Maggie H., seventeen, dark, good-tempered, medium height, and very fond of home and children.

BESSIE T. by—Charley, eighteen, dark hair and eyes.

LAURA by—J. J. H., twenty, a seaman in the Royal Navy, considered good-looking, and thinks he is all she requires.

D. M. by—Don Quixote, twenty-five, dark hair and eyes.

ROSIE by—Hoving Charlie, nineteen, auburn hair, grey eyes.

LILY by—Sheet-Anchor Jack, twenty, brown hair, blue eyes.

ROSALIE by—T. J., fair, medium height, respectable, and good-tempered.

FLORIANE by—R., twenty-four, brown eyes, brown hair, dark, medium height, considered good-looking, fond of home, and of a loving disposition.

LAURETTA by—W., nineteen, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion, and of a loving disposition.

LUCY by—J. L., twenty-two, dark, light hair, blue eyes, medium height.

DIANA by—Nemo, nineteen, tall, fair, and good-looking.

LOB by—Clara, dark hair and eyes, considered good-looking, and medium height.

HARRIET M. by—Harry P., twenty-four, tall, dark, of a loving disposition, and very handsome.

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